SPORTING

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 84. [Published Every Monday.] WEEK ENDING JUNE 11TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 84. WEEK ENDING JUNE 11TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

SPORT AND THE SUN.

as it ever occurred to you what a powerful sport possesses in the sun? If not it will require much thought to convince you. hough, of course no true sportsman needs particular incentive to take part in his fav- te sport or game, it is indisputable that a ant sun has a singularly stimulating effect n his eagerness in this direction.

s an instance, in illustration of this state- t, how much keener is the oarsman's de- to get to the river on a warm day, when sunlight dances on the ripples of the water, when the sky is hidden behind grey ds, and a keen wind warns him of the ger of forgetting his sweater.

he sun shining on the well-marked-out ss or asphalt of the tennis-court is the ngest incentive to enthusiasts to take up r racquets and have a sett; and the man can look unmoved at the golden rays ing through lightly foliaged trees and ting on wickets pitched upon a stretch of en English turf is assuredly not a keter.

here are, it is true, occasions when you er to have him at your back, but his ial presence in the sky makes sport a h pleasanter thing.

CARE OF UNIFORMS.

here is nothing like regular beating and shing in the open air for keeping your form free from moth.

mong preventives of moth, however, Rus- leather parings, naphthaline, powdered phor, carbolised paper, or brown paper ch has been well sprinkled with turpen- are all good.

Whenever possible uniforms should be kept air-tight, tin-lined cases, more especially n there is any gold lace or braid about them. n any case, gold lace, braid, cord, or but- s should be covered with or wrapped in ue paper before being packed away.

old lace that has become tarnished can be ored to its pristine brightness by a mixture cream of tartar and dry bread rubbed up . This should be applied in a dry state, afterwards brushed over with a clean soft sh.

ry pipeclay and hard brushing will as a e remove stains from scarlet cloth, but if are very obstinate the following mixture "do the trick" as a rule:

oz. of salts of sorrel to ½ a pint of boiling er.

oz. of cream of tartar to ½ a pint of cold er.

p each solution in a separate flat bottle, apply alternately to the stains, commenc- with the salts of sorrel.

hen hang the garment up to dry before a or better still out in the sun.

CHEEK.

Mr. Roosevelt has been rather less of a "nag" lately. This is, somewhat paradoxically, because he has been a little hoarse.

* * *

A recently-issued pamphlet asks "Shall We Ever Reach the Pole?" Nasty publicans and others say that the members of the present Cabinet have already reached the very summit of it.

* * *

"Clerks' Unhappy Lot," reads a "Daily Mail" headline. Referring to a lot of children, we presume.

* * *

After declaring that King Edward "was a master of the art of being King," Mr. James Douglas observes that "the art of being King is hidden from the wise." Is this quite tactful, Mr. Douglas?

* * *

Mr. Arnold White observes that "King Edward's three Irish tours were a *tour de force*." The horrid conviction is beginning to grow on us that some kind of a pun is intended.

* * *

In a recent interview Mr. Seymour Hicks observed, "Can't refuse big variety salaries just now. Must provide the roast and boiled." But presumably poultry does not figure among Mr. Hicks's dietary requirements. He would not care to "get the bird."

* * *

A contemporary recently published a disparaging article about the literary agent. Some of the statements in it make us wonder, indeed, it he is really a gent.

* * *

The referee who is to officiate at the projected Jeffries-Johnson fight is known by the nickname of "Tex." We understand that he is in no way connected with the other "tecs" who will also be on duty.

* * *

A well-known American theatrical manager, at present in London, is Mr. Klaw. A good grasp of business methods is evidently his birthright.

* * *

"A bore," says Judge Rentoul, "is a man who wishes to keep talking about himself when I wish to talk about myself." Some learned judges, nowadays, must think litigants are awful bores.

* * *

"Why do the members of the Legion of Frontiersmen wear black shirts?" asks a correspondent. We give it up, but we refuse to listen to the suggestion that the colour was chosen with one eye on the laundry bill.

J. S. Cox.

ANOTHER DYING CRAZE.

There was recently a rather stormy scene at a shareholders' meeting of one of the big rinking companies, and this is one of many signs that the rinking craze is in its last stages.

More than a year ago, people flocked in their hundreds and thousands to the rinking floors all over the country, but now attendances have dwindled lamentably.

A very noticeable fact is that the great majority of rinkers at the present time are women. The sterner sex has practically abandoned the pastime. And this is easy to understand. There is no sporting element in it.

Women go to rinks for the same reason that they go to promenades in the public parks, to be admired. Rinking, too, makes for grace of movement, and this commends itself to them.

But a man doesn't care twopence about his appearance or what other people are thinking of him. He wants sport. Rinking does not provide it for him, any more than running by himself round a track would. This is why the pastime, which at its best was only a craze, has seen its best days.

It may return to popular favour when the winter is with us again, but it seems unlikely that it will do so.

TRAGEDIES OF SPORT.

"Alas, poor Mad!"

It was in these lightly satirical words that a contemporary writer, some years ago, dismissed from his readers' attention, Ahmed Madrali, the Turkish wrestler, who had just been defeated in a contest for the championship of the world. But in those airy words there was the underlying note of tragedy—the inevitable tragedy of the fallen athlete.

Where is that wrestler now? Nobody knows—nor cares. And what has been the lot of his conbueror? Defeated in his turn in America, he, too, has disappeared from the limelight, and the great public favour he once enjoyed.

These two men are modern instances of the tragedy of sport.

A good many years ago now, a jockey came over to this country from the United States, introduced a new "riding seat" which revolutionised the jockey's art, and in a few months the little Yankee had taken the racing world by storm. Noblemen invited him to dinner, ladies smiled upon him, he lived in a style warranted by the enjoyment of a Cabinet Minister's salary—and then at last the curtain rang up on this man's tragedy.

He rode one race "on the crook," and was warned off the Turf by the Jockey Club. Some little time ago, a small paragraph in a newspaper announced that he was acting as a billiard-marker in a New York saloon. All of which goes to point the moral that—especially in the world of sport—it take's all one's time and ability stick on at the top of the tree.

ON THE LAKE AT NIGHT

WITH WILDFOWL AND THE STARS FOR COMPANY.

The place has lost little or none of the stern roughness that the Master Builder gave it when it left His hands. It lies—the lake—in a not distant valley whose sides are steep, save at the entrance of the stream that feeds it, and at the outfall more than a mile below, where its surplus waters roar incessantly onward and downward, to perform less romantic tasks with great mill-wheels.

AN OASIS.

By day, looking down on the placid sheet of water from a summit, through the trees, it seems to have a separate existence from the surrounding land. It is land-locked, wood-locked, and imperturbably quiet and serene.

There is no direct way to it. Even the approaches wind and turn as roads, then twist and double as little lanes, then lose their hard faces and become as meandering tracks, until at last, leaf-strewn and cumbered with the woody debris of the forest, shaken by the gales, they run down to the edge of the lake—leading straight on to its shimmering face.

THE OLD BOAT.

Few people come near it: so few knew that tucked away in a little arm round a promontory lies an ancient boat, old but seaworthy still, with a couple of seats and a pair of oars—dilapidated, in all truth, but sufficiently strong to entice one to the spot.

It was impossible to resist getting into that boat and passing half a night lazily rowing, resting, smoking, listening to all that was in the air.

The boat was as I left it earlier in the day. Drawing a thick coat around me and turning up the collar—for the air about the water's level is chill even in June—I heaved a short thick roll of carpet on board and then followed it myself.

It was not yet pitch dark. Above the tree-tops there still remained faint traces of the sunset, and as I pushed gently off, grating for a moment on the soft muddy lake-side, a late thrush sang to me.

FAR FROM THE HAUNTS OF MEN.

The feeling of entire solitude was such as I have never felt before. I knew well enough that no human being was within two or perhaps three miles, and I was in the midst of the haunts of the fowl so seldom turbed.

Hardly making a splash with the o pulled steadily outwards, sure now that ness would conceal me. Far out in the of the lake I shipped the oars and la on the tideless water, listening to the r the falls and watching for the coming of fowl I had noted on previous visits

LIGHTING UP.

And then, when fairly settled, I lit my Had anyone been watching the lake that they would have said some strange will-wisp fires were floating on its surface, f matches flared as I struck them and lea and down at every puff, seeming to me the eyes of the whole population toward

Soon the sounds of many birds settli the water took my attention.

Now and again a wheezing sound of above would make me turn suddenly and catch sight of the birds, but in tu a foot would strike the boat's side an hollow sound would echo over the water answered by a warning, loud, long 'qu-a-c-k! qu-a-c-k!" from some wary unused to such strange noises in his haunt.

HOME AGAIN.

I visited every creek of that lake during night, sometimes drawing up underneath silent, inky-looking woods, sometimes gl along silently, smoking and wondering peace and stillness of it all.

Night was far spent when, at last, almost felt my way round the shores, I re again the little harbour where the boat ha moorings. Jumping ashore, with a rope hands, I made her fast, and once again land I set out to walk through the wood home and bed.

M. S. WATERTO

HOW TO FLY A FLAG.

It is doubtful whether anyone outside the College of Heralds really knows all the rights and wrongs of the question of flags, but the subject is a fascinating one, and there are certain points to be observed which every patriotic Briton ought to know.

The Union Jack, as it should be flown.

Most of us are anxious to do the right thing in such matters, but the number of people who at times of public rejoicing or public mourning contrive to do the wrong one is astonishing.

The national flag of Britain is the Union Jack, which typifies the union of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

It is composed of the flag of St. George, a red cross on a white ground, the Scottish flag, added by James the First in 1606—a white diagonal St. Andrew's cross on a blue ground—and the banner of St. Patrick, which is a red diagonal cross on a white ground.

All these are easily traced in the so-called "Jack," which may derive its name either from James the First's nickname of "Jacques," or from the "jack" or "jacket" worn by knights over their armour.

But the flag is as often as not hung upside down by ignorant persons, when it really becomes a signal of distress.

The right way is that here illustrated, the broad white lines of the diagonal cross being uppermost on the side nearest the flagstaff, or on the "hoist," as that side of the flag is called, while on the loose side or "fly" the narrow lines are uppermost.

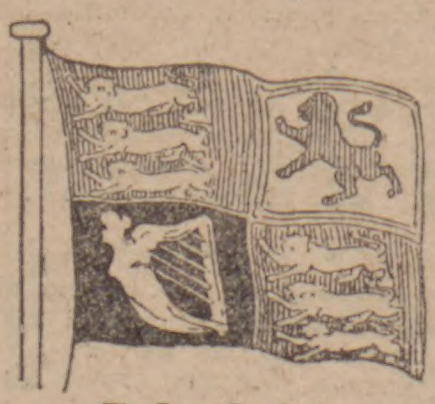
The reason for the broad white lines appearing on different sides of the red cross on the two sides of the flag is interesting. It was to provide against either the Scottish or Irish cross being thought to have precedence over the other.

The narrow white lines are really only inserted owing to an old heraldic rule that two colours must not touch each other, white being regarded heraldically as a metal—"argent" or silver.

The Royal Standard also typifies the union of the three countries, the lions of England appearing in the top quarter nearest the flagstaff and in the diagonally opposite corner, the lion rampant of Scotland in the top corner of the "fly," and the harp of Ireland in the remaining quarter.

The Standard is only flown when the King or Queen is present, and should never be displayed by private individuals. The flag for private houses and individuals is the Red Ensign, while the Army and Government buildings use the Union Jack.

It was interesting to note that during the lying-in-State of King Edward at Westminster, the usual Union Jack was replaced on St. Stephen's Tower by the Royal Standard.



The Royal Standard.

The three ensigns — red, white, and blue — were originally used by the three obsolete divisions of which were distinguished by three colours, but each now ha own use.

The White Ensign is a flag a white ground, and a red St. George's cross upon it, while the top quarter of the hoist is occupied by a small Union Jack. There are clearly three wrong ways of hanging this flag, and each is as unpleasant to see as it is unfortunately common.

The White Ensign.

The White Ensign is now used only by Royal Navy and the Royal Yacht Squad and no one else has the right to fly it.

The Red and Blue Ensigns have simply red and a blue ground respectively, wi small Union Jack in the corner.

The Blue Ensign is used by the Royal N Reserve and by certain yacht clubs. A chant vessel flies it if the captain belong the Naval Reserve.

The Red Ensign is primarily the flag of merchant service, but as already stated, the one which should be chosen by all pri individuals who wish to fly a flag, in ference to the Union Jack, which, how is a more general favourite, though correct.

The hoisting of a flag is an art which quires some practice. It should be fol lengthways and then rolled up before attached to the halyard. The compact r then hauled up and a pull on the cord ca the flag to unroll itself from the top of mast.

C. RONALD

HE RETURN OF RICHARD SELBY

By ADAM STERN.

OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

k Gem, the popular landlord of "The and Hounds," Moulden, Staffordshire, eeling vicious, and he looked it.

nted squarely on his feet behind the er of the bar-parlour, his seamed old et as hard as the punch for which he een famous in his pugilistic days thirty ago, his eyes were gleaming as he lis- to the conversation of the men seated the nearest table.

lamouring customer at the bar drew him a yell to the girl serving in the tap-

nnee—e! . . . See to 'im," he snapped jerk of the head. "I've got me 'ands ready."

hat with?" inquired the customer with rony.

is lot!" Mark flung out a contemptuous "Jest listen! Blime, if a funeral ain't cheerful compared wi' them!"

ood old Mark!" observed a large haired man from the table cheerfully. t yo' ter stick up for a pal!"

don't want no stickin'up fur," snapped "'e can do that fur 'isself, as most on ow without any tellin'."

ep it up, Mark!"

h! I'm fair sick o' yer cackle. Night night, the same old fairy-tale—Dick gone to glory, and everybody doin' a in consequence."

ell, ain't 'e?" A thin, foxy-faced in- al shot the question with some venom.

d please yer ter think so, I don't " returned Mark. "Jake Thorn any- on't owe 'im no blessings."

k was caustic, but he was permitted to he Black Countryman, as a rule, is not with much sensitiveness.

e Thorn grinned and lifted his glass. ell, Richard Selby's beat this time, I n," he observed comfortably.

eat!" Mark's scorn had the over-em- of uneasiness. "Ye only wish yer count on it."

allays said it'd come," continued Jake ved.

o! did yer?" jeered Mark, thrusting rd his head.

ot exactly affable to your customers," the man at the bar. He was a com- l putting up at the house for the night. he acrimony of the discussion amused

ell, ter 'ear them talk——" began Mark. o good, Mark!" interrupted the large ul man. "Yo'm puttin' yer money on r this time. What say, William?"

liam was stout and florid, with a e eye and a stomach. He had said little

hat I want to know *is*," he answered, y, "where is he?"

h, tell us that," said Jake Thorn, "yo' now everythin' about 'im—where *is* 'e?"

k was silent for a moment.

awd knows!" he said, miserably.

re was a burst of laughter.

d ye there, Mark—eh? Where is this in' paragon who never did no wrong?"

commercial intervened again, instinc- siding with the minority.

on't you tell them, old man," he urged. keep it up your sleeve."

k turned to him, glad to find a sym- er.

e 'em?" he said, indicating the com- with a jerk. "See the blighters? Every lps me get my livin'—and I say to you, old sport, and say it meanin' it—they can all go t' hell afore I join 'em in kickin' a man who's down."

There was another guffaw.

"'E ain't 'ere ter kick," jeered Thorn.

Ignoring them, Mark continued earnestly.

"Ye know 'im, I guess——"

"I don't."

"Ye *don't!* Blime, ye come to Moulden and——"

"This is my first visit here. I'm breaking new ground this journey."

"Ah, that explains it. Anybody who knows Moulden—jest listen 'ere!"

Mark leaned over the counter.

"Dick Selby," he said, impressively, "is the best lad at 'is weight round 'ere."

"A boxer?"

"Neow! Sort of all-round like. 'E started with nothin', as the best 'uns gen'ally do. But 'e'd got guts. I knowed it from the fust—afore *anybody*, d'ye see? Close friends we was, even when 'e got on. Never a bit o' side, though it worn't long afore 'e was pally with the biggest bug in the neighbourhood. Vincent Lyons o' Bagley Coort. Blime! as good as the best and no better than the wust; that's Dick!

"Well, ter clip it, 'e made 'is pile. Got a dam' fine place in the town and 'ad 'alf the population workin' for 'im and t'other 'alf on their bended knees wantin' to. Arsk that lot whether 'e didn't *revolutionise* their damned old tinkerin' methods o' chain-makin'! Yes, shout away! Ye know it's right. Ye're all growin' fat on what 'e taught yer, any'ow—all save Jake, who'd be a line-prop if he lived in Buckin'am Palace. (Jennee—e!)

"That fust fight 'e won 'ands down. The next was with a cove from over the water. I've stood up agen Yankee importations meself, time back. . . . Tricksy customers, but, bless yer! the straight left and the quick followin' right—"

He illustrated his meaning and apologised.

". . . And as fur mixin' it at close quarters—'struth, Dick showed 'im! Let 'im shove up a real live sky-scraper 'ere, and waited till 'e'd sunk all 'is dollars or somebody else's in the rotten concern, and then sailed right in and knocked it to almighty Jericho. It's facts I'm tellin' yer. Arsk th' company. There was feastin' and celebratin' and blue lights, and then——"

Mark's volubility ceased. He twisted his slit-like mouth in the effort to repress emotion.

"Then it all went ter pot, that's all. His strength give out—*arter* the fight, mind yer!—and while he was away recuperatin'——"

"Any'ow, 'e took it fightin'. Paid up everybody, though 'e cleared 'isself out ter do it. And 'e wouldn't 'ave no 'elp—no, didn't matter who offered it. 'My show!' 'e told me in 'ere, cheery as yer like. And, young-like, 'e thought it was only a question o' puttin' up the gloves ter scoop in some more stake-money. Well, yer got ter 'ave a show fust—an' these 'ere gentlemen sort o' combined ter see as he shouldn't 'ave it, not if they could stop 'im. *Arsk* 'em. (Liars! ye know ye did.)"

"If a man ain't got capital and won't pay high for credit," observed the large cheery individual, "'ow the 'ell is 'e goin' ter make a start?"

"You wait," said Mark, loyally.

"We'm waitin'," Thorn laughed.

"How long is this ago?" inquired the commercial.

"Only a few weeks," replied Mark. "Till a fortnight back 'e was stoppin' 'ere. Put up with 'is best pal," he added with pride.

"So as to be on the spot," interjected William, who appeared to be the most silent and therefore the strongest of the lot. His accent, too, was not quite so illiterate as the others.

"Yes, ye're very wise, Mister William Bradlaw," retorted Mark, scathingly. "Ye've 'ad the biggest 'and in boycottin' 'im, it's common knowledge. But mind 'e don't out yer with a nice, friendly little tap on the point afore long."

"That 'ere overfed blighter," continued Mark to the commercial, "owns pretty near all the spare land in Moulden, and 'e's took mighty good care as Dick Selby don't get a space big enough ter erect even a dust-bin on. That's the situation—and there's Mister Bradlaw. Blime! I should like that carcase opposite me in the ring fur a round or two. What ye havin', William?"

"And Selby's vanished, you say?" asked the commercial. "Didn't he tell you where he was going?"

"Not 'im—yer don't get Dick Selby talkin' when 'e's on the job."

"'Ark to 'im!" exclaimed Thorn sarcastically. "'E's at it agen. Where is 'e, that's what we all want ter know, and what's 'e bin doin'?"

The swing-door was opened as he spoke. Mark sprang upright with excitement.

"'Struth!" he cried. Then he doubled with mirth. "Oho, where is 'e! Why 'e's *theer*!"

His finger was pointing triumphantly at a tall and dark young man, whose only notable characteristics to a first observer were the quiet set of his lips and the lithe free movement of an athletic frame.

"What's all the ruction?" said Richard.

"Nothin'—only all yer friends are bustin' ter know where ye've bin."

"O—ah," said Richard.

"Won't ye tell 'em—just ter satisfy their lovin' curiosity? Blime, ye look well! Anybody'd think ye'd bin 'oliday makin'."

"I have," said Richard.

"Ye *'ave*? Where?"

"Blackpool."

"Blackpool!" Mark gaped.

"It's a fine sea-breeze you get there in June."

"But what the——"

"No need to explode, Mark. The sitting-room vacant upstairs? I've got some work to do. How do, Jake. How do, William . . . altered your mind about selling that waste ground near the Quarry?"

He paused at the inner door for a reply, looking at Bradlaw with the detached absorption peculiar to him.

Bradlaw slowly shook his head. Richard nodded and went out.

There was a perceptible silence after he had gone, broken by Mark, who exclaimed enthusiastically:

"What did I tell yer!"

"Tell us what?" growled Jake. He glanced at Bradlaw, who was leisurely drawing a newspaper from his pocket.

"Blackpool. . . . ah!" said the latter opening it out.

Mark looked on, interested.

"This 'ere property o' Billing's in Market Street," continued Bradlaw, "I see Day and Nephews are putting it up for auction tomorrow."

He placed a thick finger on an advertisement on the front page.

"Yes, I'd 'eard about it," said Jake, bending forward.

"You and I'll buy that, Jake." His bovine gaze rested on his companion's face and then shifted slowly to Mark's.

"Coming?" he added, getting up.

They went out together.

For a little distance they walked without speaking. Then Jake said:

"Dunno why yo' mentioned that afore Mark. Sure as death 'e'll tell Richard what we'm up to."

"That's why I did it," answered Bradlaw gruffly. "Yo' may believe this Blackpool tale—but I don't. He's been getting money somewhere to buy that land. Well, we must see as he don't buy it. If he's only got a bit, he'll realise it's no good. If he's got more'n a bit, his back'll be up, and he'll go right out for all he's worth. Then we shall know something."

"It's a point," added Mr. Bradlaw reflectively, "as we always want to be sure on—to know just what Richard Selby is worth."

Which proved Mr. Bradlaw a gentleman of some wisdom and understanding.

* * * * * * *

Mark duly sought out Richard and informed him, with many expletives, of Bradlaw's intention. Richard listened with exasperating unconcern.

"They're pretty determined," he commented.

"The blighters!" Mark added. "They'm skeered at yer, that's all. They think ye've only got to get 'old of a few square yards o' muck heaps and the 'ole chain trade's yours."

"It's certainly complimentary," said Richard.

"Look 'ere, Dick. Now, no offence. Let me advance yer a bit. Yes, I know ye refused afore, but it makes me tingle ter see——"

Richard shook his head again, smiling.

"Well, what yer goin' ter do?"

"Nothing."

"Ain't yer goin' ter bid for that land?"

"I haven't got the money. I've been having a proof-strength holiday on my last tenner. Now, Mark, you gambling old reprobate, that ought to appeal to you."

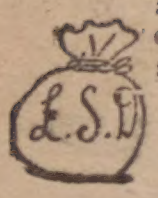
"It does," said Mark fervently. "Gawd, it does. . . . Then they dish yer once agen, eh?"

"Looks like it," said Richard. "But don't you worry. I'm not a dead man yet. No"—momentarily his lips compressed—"no, by gad, I'm not."

Mark watched him, a fighting gleam in his eyes. He opened his mouth to say something else, then snapped it and abruptly strode out.

"Dish 'un, will they?" he muttered as he went downstairs. "Not if I know it. . . . Seems ter me this 'ere's a time when a pal might chip in and do a bit on 'is little own. . . . But not a word ter anybody. If that stubborn devil got to 'ear. . . . "

All night long he gloated over his idea; and the following morning just before twelve o'clock he walked into Day and Nephews' sale-rooms.



A knot of chain-manufacturers was there, including William Bradlaw and Jake Thorn, but Richard was not present.

Mark's entry was the signal for several sharp glances, and Bradlaw turned and said something to Thorn.

The land for sale was merely a plot of forty yards compass, upon which recently some uninhabitable old cottages had been knocked down. It was, however, a good building site near the centre of the town.

There was also house-property up for auction, and while the sale was going on Mark furtively watched the door. He was dreading that Richard would appear, and thus frustrate his plan.

With relief he heard at length the auctioneer reading out from the catalogue the item in which he was particularly interested.

"Now, gentlemen, what shall I start at? There's a reserve, I may tell you, but I anticipate we shall easily get beyond it. A fine situation for business premises or shops. A hundred? *And* fifty—thank you. One-fifty, one-fif— seventy-five, one seventy-five. Two hundred, two hundred."

The last bid was from Bradlaw.

"A couple of hundred. Now then, warm up. Don't forget the land goes right through to the Antipodes, and it's yours as deep as you like. Two-hundred——"

The hammer was poised.

"And fifty," said Mark electrically. "'Struth! ain't I said time and agen it's jest the place fur a bang new slap-up restoorong! Two-fifty—and ye can knock it down without any more gassin'."

Bradlaw nodded to the auctioneer.

"Three hundred I'm bid," said the latter. "Three hundred over there. Three——"

"Three-fifty," said Mark very loudly.

His fists doubled in his pockets; the little man glared defiantly at Bradlaw.

"The swine guesses," he muttered to himself.

Bradlaw nodded again.

"Four hundred," said the auctioneer.

"Four-fifty," Mark cried, with the haste of recklessness.

"Four-seventy-five," said Bradlaw.

"Five 'underd, dam yer," cried Mark, "and it ain't worth 'alf."

"What yo' bidding for then?" Jake Thorn called.

"'Ell to you!" retorted Mark inelegantly. "I can please myself I reckon."

He exulted on seeing Bradlaw confer with Jake. Truth was, five hundred pounds was the limit he had set himself, and even now he was sweating at his folly.

"Five-twenty-five," said Bradlaw.

The auctioneer droned the figures while Mark underwent a mental struggle. At length he nodded grimly.

"Another twenty-five," said Bradlaw heavily.

"'Ow much longer ye goin' on," called Mark, so ruefully that men laughed. "All right, I ain't done yet. I fought sixty-two rounds once and t'other cove when I'd finished——"

"Five-seventy-five"—from the auctioneer. "Now, Mark, it's your last chance. It isn't like you to lie down."

"Never 'ave," declared Mark viciously. "So——"

A hand was suddenly placed over his mouth. Mark wheeled.

"*You* 'ere?"

"Just come. What y' doing?" Richard's voice was low and curt. "You fool, the land's no good to you."

"It is to you."

"Hold your tongue and come out."

A strong hand projected him unwillingly towards the door.

"Six hundred will buy it, Mark," shouted the auctioneer.

But Mark, half turning to reply, was summarily dragged out. At five hun seventy-five pounds the property William Bradlaw.

"Mark," said Richard, facing h companion. "I've a good mind your head. You needn't explain. what your game was. But what' vantage of making me a present o *land*?"

"Your own land!" Mark wa gasted.

"Not mine now; Bradlaw's," Ri rected with a smile. "But it was ti ago and has been for the past we get back. I'll tell you all there is the way.

"Old Billing's in the Isle of Man day with his family. You didn't perhaps, but I did. There's no driving an easy bargain with a he's enjoying himself, so I went Put up at Blackpool, and excursi for a friendly chat. I'd got my la of capital in my pocket; hard cash: dred quids. Looks more than wh on paper."

"And 'e sold?"

"After haggling. But my mind up, so——"

"So there worn't much more ter put in Mark.

"You're a flattering devil, but ye for once. Then I instructed the a to advertise it and turned up the ni the sale. They'd all been so keen o me out, I figured on them thinking back for the purpose of buying were likely then not to stick at the I put a reserve on of four hund auctioneer would have had 'em u without your help. As it was——"

Richard laughed.

"Well, I done yer a good turn, said Mark. "They all thought I w on your behalf."

"You pretty nearly did me a ba nice ass I should have looked on f you were the purchaser."

"Dick," said Mark solemnly, "I in' the man's a fool who worries . . . All the same, ye're an swine."

"If I started thanking you f thing——" said Richard.

"Oh, shut it!" exclaimed Mark

[*Another of these stories will ap week.*—EDITOR.]

TO PASS THE TIME.

When a small party of men sta a country walk, they are apt, after find the proceedings pall a little. exhausted their stock of good sto have raced one another until they "blown"—what is to be done to time?

A little harmless gamble sometim the monotony of a long walk. Say man puts a penny into a "pool," and guess as to the number of people meet during the next five minutes. Th man whose forecast is nearest to total appropriates the booty. Such a lation" will, perhaps, infuse a mild interest into the walk when other m been exhausted.

In the same way the tedium of a journey can be mitigated. Guess th ot telegraph posts you will pass in minute, or else speculate on the first the name of the next station you pas In this way the time will pass far

The most apparently childish pastim to provide a certain amount of har citement and interest.

ETTERS TO A YOUNG OFFICER.

V. ON PRACTICAL JOKES.

EAR HARRY,

ghted to see your score against I. . Your brother officers will be cer- see it in "The Field," and will a- egin to look upon you as a welcome ion to the regimental eleven.

ask me if you are likely to experience ractical joking? Certainly, and a very thing too. Nothing rubs off a lad's or teaches him to find his own level than good old English horseplay. I mean bullying, which, thank God, is ally unknown in the British Army. ve dilated before on the virtues of g a silent tongue in your head; let me press upon you the necessity for keep- ur temper.

ad-tempered man is never popular, and tempered youngster finds his life made ingly unpleasant for him till he has himself or been cured of his failing. he same time don't be afraid to show ou can hold your own. When you find ed walking off with you in the middle night, don't hesitate to seize the near- ruder, and, if possible, throw him out door. He won't think any the less of you succeed.

let it be done good-temperedly. You ten turn the laugh on your tormentors sisting them in their efforts to re- your furniture.

member when we went into O'Hara's s one night with the intention of trans- g his belongings to the barrack- he nonplussed us all by throwing is window and hurling his goods and s forth as fast as he could.

another occasion Beechwood and I came rom a dance to find our quarters in a f hopeless confusion. We set to work, efore daybreak had everything as t and tidy as if it had never been d.

cely had *réveillé* sounded, when the kers came round to gloat over us st the *débris*. Their faces dropped usly when they found us comfortably , and politely surprised at their early ance. We were so beautifully uncon- of anything having happened that at ey crept shamefacedly away, convinced ur servants must have put things to before we returned.

not going to put you up to the various and dodges that may be tried on you, have no desire to spoil legitimate sport, may counsel you to regard assigna- from unknown ladies, who profess to accumbed to your charms, with consider- uspicion.

when you are dining out and you re- telegram announcing a fire in barracks dering your immediate return, you can wire back "Put it out, then."

ough you will not escape the attentions practical jokers, they will give you a amount of law before they begin on for the first few nights you can rest rbed, but when the nocturnal raiders do remember to keep an undisturbed front ur temper well out of sight. They will leave you alone when they find that, ially speaking, there is no change to out of you.

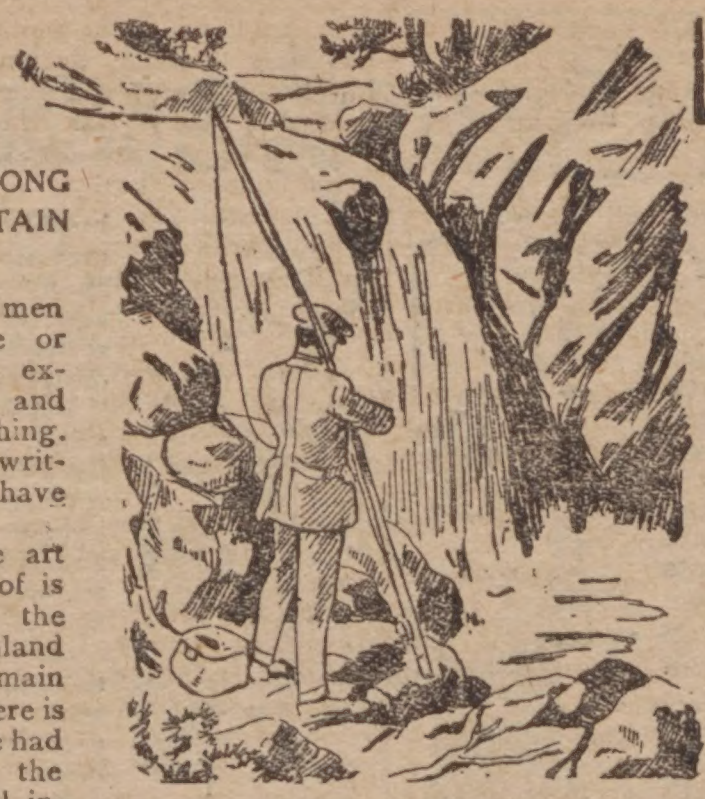
d to hear that the uniform fits so well, at you are having such a grand round well entertainments.

your mother that your ordinary flannels o for Halifax. It is much colder there ere, but it is a *dry* cold and never biting as our infernal east wind.—Your nate uncle,

J. H.

e last of these letters will appear next —EDITOR.]

BURN FISHING



FINE SPORT AMONG LITTLE MOUNTAIN TROUT.

There are few men who at one time or another have not experienced the joys and sorrows of fishing. Great men have written about it, poets have sung its delights.

A branch of the art that is little heard of is trout-fishing in the burns up a Highland glen; not in the main stream, though there is good fishing to be had there, but up the little burns that fall into it from the hill-tops and corries.

Such fishing is no gentle amble by the side of the limpid brook; idly casting your fly on the placid waters is not fishing, it is walking in your sleep.

Burn fishing is an athletic pursuit in which none but those who are sound in wind and limb can indulge.

The burns are made up of a succession of pools connected by waterfalls. Their sides are precipitous and often treacherous, and the pools are difficult to get at.

SMALL BUT PLENTIFUL.

The trout are as a rule small, between two and three ounces being the average weight. A quarter-pound fish is counted a large one in these burns.

In the story books you set off in the early morn, while the rosy blush of dawn illumines the eastern sky, before the dew is dry upon the grass. But you would be much better advised to stay and have a good breakfast first and let the dew evaporate. You will get your feet quite wet enough as it is.

Our favourite time for setting out is in the late afternoon, between five and six o'clock.

Get your bait-tin full of worms, little red-headed ones are the best, "brambles" we call them. Take a joint out of your rod and fit on a strong worm cast, and off you go.

Once at the chosen burn proceed with caution. Keep well away from the water, as the fish are very shy; and, of course, you will fish up-stream.

The first cast or two draws blank.

This is only to be expected, as men fishing on the river usually cast into the lower pools of the burns as they pass. Then you come to a twelve-foot fall of water which necessitates a stiff little hand-and-knee climb.

Above this you find a large shallow pool which may be a foot in depth.

In goes the worm to the running water above the pool, and you see it coming down. You are on the alert now.

THE FIRST CATCH.

Then comes a tug, you strike, there is a shuddering pull at your line, you lift quickly but gently and your first fish is soon jumping on the grass.

That is how it ought to be done, but with the best intentions in the world I cannot do it that way.

When I feel the tug, I jerk and then lug the fish out all in one energetic movement. The excitement robs me of control of my actions. Unless the fish is well hooked I lose him. Usually he describes a large arc over my head and then I have a hunt for him in the heather.

If he comes off the hook, as often happens, I usually lose him, such a distance has he gone inland.

But in spite of being but an indifferent fisherman I can usually manage three or four dozen in an evening, if the fish are taking well. A good man fishing the same water would easily get twice as many.

As a rule, in every pool there is a fish, but in the big pools there are often more.

I have seen no fewer than seven trout taken at one time out of a pool not more than twelve feet square and two feet deep.

These mountain trout are game little fellows. The smaller they are the harder they tug, and every fish you hook you are sure is a monster by its struggles.

EXCELSIOR!

As you get up the hill side your basket gets heavy and you get hot, and you are glad to take a rest.

Looking down you are surprised to see how far you have come. You hear nothing but the dash of the water, and occasionally the haunting wail of the whaup.

But you must get up and on if you wish to fish the corries that night.

Before you get there you have a swift climb where the burn comes down in a waterfall that no trout could pass.

Up on the top the fish are different. Here are the natives, almost black in colour. The very water seems different, sullenly flowing through the peat.

EVENING FALLS.

It is getting dark. The sun has long since sunk behind the hills. You stop and count your fish, and as usual decide to fish until you have an even dozen. This accomplished you hurry down.

A ribbon of mist lies in the valley, following the course of the river. As you descend, the cheery glow of a camp-fire greets you, and your appearance is hailed with hungry shouts, for you are a pot-fisher on this occasion.

Your basket is taken from you and the spoil counted and criticised.

The frying-pan is put on; the fish are soon cleaned; and in half an hour you are sitting down to a supper that a king might envy.

A. CATTENACH.

A FENCING HINT.

Accidents in fencing are not of frequent occurrence, but it sometimes happens that a fencer is temporarily incapacitated, if not badly injured, by what French wielders of the foil call a "*coup sec*." The nearest translation of this would be a spasmodic "jab"; and if your lunges partake of this nature, you will be well advised to put them right. Such hits—especially in the "wind"—are particularly dangerous.

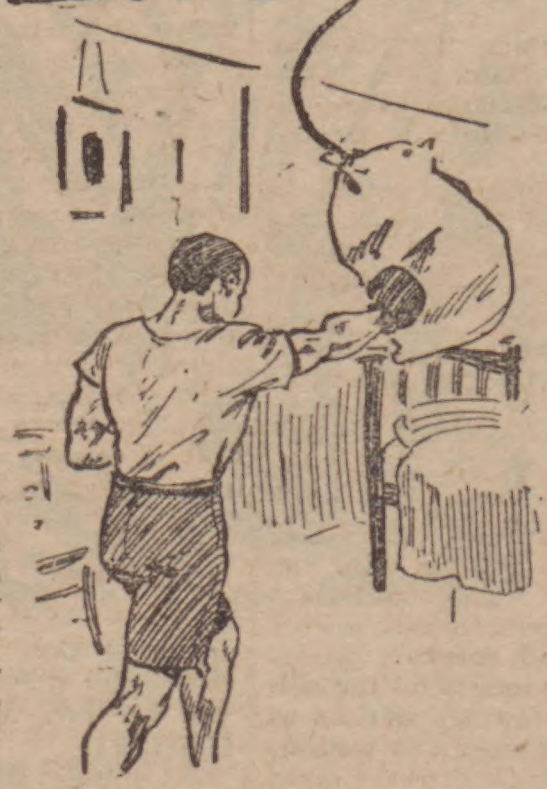
It is to be regretted that so many men who go in for fencing are careless, for thus they give the sport a bad name, which it certainly does not deserve.

The great "tip" in lunging is to see that your striking arm is stretched out to its full extent at exactly the same moment that your corresponding foot touches the ground. If you do this, there will be no "jabbing" action in your lunge.

And as soon as the point of your foil touches your adversary *raise your arm*. This will avert any danger of your weapon snapping.

HOME EXERCISES

EASY METHODS OF PRACTISING YOUR PET SPORT AT HOME.



It is a cause for mild complaint with more than one of us—in fact, with the great majority in these days of strenuous competition and sustained business endeavour—that we do not enjoy as many opportunities as we would like of participating in our favourite sport or game, and that, consequently, our execution at it is wont to deteriorate on account of insufficient practice.

In the case of games which require particular skill of touch and eye, as, for instance, golf or billiards, the lapse of even a day or two is sufficient to produce a marked deterioration of form, and in the case of others which call mainly for bodily strength, the particular muscles brought into play are apt to go very "slack" as a result of inactivity.

LACK OF OPPORTUNITY.

Now, it is a tolerably safe supposition that most of us are in the earlier stages of our business careers hard worked, and overburdened neither with leisure nor money. At the close of our daily toil we are too tired, or perhaps have not the wherewithal to visit the gymnasium, the swimming bath, or the livery stables. So no doubt it will be agreeable information to a good many of us that it is possible, by means of easy exercises at home, to keep our own particular sporting skill, or power, or what not at its highest pitch.

Take, for example, the case of the amateur boxer. He is especially deserving of sympathy, for the primary reason that he very seldom can get hold of another man to have sparring practice with. He is thus particularly apt to go stale.

So, in nine cases out of ten, he fixes up in his room a punching-ball at a cost which has enforced upon him many a little economy; and he is astounded to find, when he has his next real spar, that the ball-punching has not improved his form in the slightest degree. What he should have done was to fix up not a punching-ball, but a punching-bag. Here is a good and cheap way of making one.

Get an ordinary canvas sack (or a pillow-case will do), stuff it with old newspapers or clothes so as to make it as heavy as possible, and suspend it from your ceiling so that it swings at a convenient height for punching. Remember to tap the ceiling before hanging up the sack, so as to find a beam which will bear its weight.

HARD HITTING.

Professional pugilists know that for actual punching power there is nothing to equal practising on a bag. A ball is of little use except for improving the wind, and, of course, "shadow fighting" and the "bag" are just as good for this latter purpose. But a very important thing to remember when punching your bag—or, indeed, a man, for that matter—is that the contact of your fist with the object, and of your "leading" foot with the ground, should be simultaneous. In this way all the weight of your body will be behind the punch; whereas if the blow were delivered before the foot touched the ground, it would be no more than a feeble poke.

The swimming man, again, often labours under the disadvantage that he cannot get to the swimming baths (if he be a townsman) or the beach (if he lives at the seaside) as often as he would like. With the best sporting intentions in the world, we are not all made of that stern stuff that can get out of bed on a chilly morning between five and six so as to have a freezing swim before breakfast and business. So that we often find that our ability to time our leg and arm strokes together correctly has to a great extent disappeared.

But there is a delightfully simple way of keeping in form—a method, too, which is vouched for by a famous swimmer and swimming instructor. This consists merely of practising the strokes while prone on your bed. Lie crossways upon it, though, otherwise your movements will be cramped in your care not to strike your hands and feet against the rails.

In view of the fact that this article will be in the hands of the public at about the time that the many Territorial corps will be in camp, a hint to Terriers on keeping their riding muscles fit may be of service. A man may know thoroughly well *how* to sit a horse, and how to stick on, but if he has not ridden for even so short a time as a fortnight the muscles of his legs will become so limp after a short gallop as to be absolutely useless to him. So it behoves us to keep our riding muscles in good condition at all times, and this simple exercise is excellent for the purpose.

RIDING WITHOUT A HORSE.

Stand erect at attention, toes out at the usual angle, and hands at your sides. Then subside slowly by gradually bending your knees, so that you eventually sit on your heels. Return equally to your first position. If you practise this a short time every day you will find that riding muscles will be in tip-top condition.

GOLF AT HOME.

Turning from sport proper to the consider of games, we may say that golf is one at lack of practice quickly brings on loss of So much depends on "eye" and "timing" a that this is easy to understand. But there is for the enthusiastic golfer who is debarred its frequent enjoyment—more hope, indeed is vouchsafed to his counterpart in other bra of athletics, for various appliances can be from athletic outfitters whereby driving, pu and so forth can be practised at home.

And those who cannot afford or do not ca buy such appliances can make a service "home" driving apparatus cheaply and with

Drive a stick into your lawn, or the mid your garden, fix to it a stout string, a little sh than the distance between the stick and the Place a golf-ball in a small net-bag, and a this bag to the other end of the string. apparatus is complete, and you can pra timing your drive to your heart's content.

STRIKING IN BILLIARDS.

Finally, a word about billiards. A important department of the game is "se your cue well out." Billiard players will u stand this phrase. Well, though you ca practise actual strokes without a billiard table can certainly practise your striking action.

Get a ball—an old ivory one or a bonzolin you like—and a cue; and cover the most table in the house with a cloth as closely res ling baize in texture as possible.

Put the ball on the table, and keep on str at it, as you would in an actual game (it would as well to put a rug down for it to fall on wh drops off the table). In this way you will ga ease and freedom in striking that will imp your actual game to an enormous extent.

J. G. HAYWAR

FIRST AID.

V. IMPROVISED APPLIANCES.

No course of lessons on First Aid would be complete without some reference to the necessity of being able to turn to account whatever material may be at hand when it is necessary to provide stretchers and splints.

If it is possible to make the patient comfortable and await the arrival of an ambulance, or of the proper appliances, well and good. But this is rarely so in the case of an accident and prompt measures must be taken.

How to make a stretcher from coats and poles.

The first illustration this week shows an excellent method of improvising a stretcher.

Two poles of some sort are necessary, or, for the benefit of Territorial readers it may be pointed out that a couple of rifles, which may be lengthened by having the bayonets fixed in their scabbards, answer the purpose admirably.

Take two coats and turn the sleeves inside out. Then button the coats in front, so that the sleeves are hidden inside, and lay them on the ground with the lower edges together.

Pass the poles through the sleeves of the two coats on either side. You will then have a very efficient stretcher, of which one end is shown in the sketch.

A stretcher that takes longer to make, but is preferable in case it is undesirable to lift the patient, is composed of belts or handkerchiefs, or ropes fastened to the poles on either side.

These can be passed separately sufferer's body, with the least possible ment of it, the poles being laid on either and the stretcher, as it were, built under

When the patient is to be laid down a the stretcher can be removed by unfasten the strips on one side and drawing gently from under him one by one.

It is advisable, however, for an improv stretcher to be first tested to make sure it will bear the necessary weight.

The bearers should make a point of w ing out of step, so as to avoid jolting patient, and he should always be carried foremost except when going up stairs or up a hill.

As an improvised bandage, the handkerchief will, of course, suggest itself at once, and should be applied, as explained last week, as a triangular bandage, rather than torn into strips. A linen shirt may often provide additional bandages, or a tie may be used to fix a splint in place or as a tourniquet to stop bleeding.

As a splint, a walking-stick or umbrella may prove most useful for a fracture of the leg, and it should be fixed as shown in the illustration, with three bandages, one above the knee and one below it and one at the ankle.

A bandage should never be placed the fracture unless the skin is broken.

The most effective splint, however, usually the sound leg; after the trouser boot have been removed from the injured by cutting them.

In case of a fracture of one of the of the hand, a tennis or billiard ball door-handle may be placed in the pal the hand and bandaged firmly in place.

L. D. Corri

A STROLL THROUGH CLUBLAND

RESTING FACTS ABOUT LONDON'S GREAT CLUBS.

re are over one hundred first-class clubs don, the majority or them being in or Pall Mall, St. James's Street, and Picca-

oldest club of all is White's Club. Sit- n St. James's Street, White's was estab- in 1697, was formerly a great gambling but is now a social and strictly non- l club.

next oldest club is one little known to neral public, and probably even an nced clubman would fail to name it. he Canada Club, which was founded in and, as its name implies, is for gentle- Canadian birth only.

r very ancient clubs are the Cocoa Tree Boodle's (1762), Brooks's (1764), and s (1765) all social and exclusive clubs. her old club of especial interest is the which dates back to 1787, and has members. In point of membership, r, the M.C.C. is beaten by the Constitu- and National Liberal Clubs, which have, ively, 6,500 and 6,000 members.

NICKNAMES.

r clubs with mammoth membership rolls Junior Constitutional (5,000), which wn as the "Marble Halls" on account splendid nature of its internal decora- the Royal Automobile (4,800), and the Club (4,000).

great Service clubs in order of y, are the United Service, Junior United Army and Navy, and Naval and Mili- Clubs. The first-named is known as Senior," while the Army and Navy s in the peculiar nickname of "The h." This is short for "The Rag and ago by "Punch," the "rag" being the flag, the "famish" referring to the bad alleged then to exist. The Naval and y Club is known as the "In and Out," the fact that its two entrance gates in illy are labelled respectively "In" and

ENTRANCE FEES.

Junior United Service, Army and Navy, Naval and Military are expensive clubs , the entrance fees in the first two cases £40 and in the third 40 guineas. er clubs with high entrance fees are the n (£40), the Oxford and Cambridge guineas), the United University (40 as), the Reform (£40), and the Junior n (37 guineas).

great political clubs are, on the Conservative and Unionist side, the Carlton, Junior Carlton, Constitutional and Junior Constitutional, Conservative, and Junior Conservative; and on the Liberal, the Reform, Devonshire and National Liberal.

Of the "Bohemian" clubs, the Savage is perhaps the best known, and lately celebrated its jubilee. Its home is in Adelphi Terrace, and in the big "common" room, which is used both as dining-room and smoking-room, may be seen many of the best-known authors, artists, actors and musicians of the day.

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.

Savage Club guest nights, when the dinner is followed by an impromptu entertainment, are famous the world over, and royalty is often present at them. To get into the Savage a man must not only be a good fellow, but clever, and the club has a curious custom by which a would-be member joins on probation for one month, at the expiration of which he is either fully elected or quietly advised to withdraw his name from the candidate's book.

The Garrick Club, in Garrick Street, Covent Garden, is *the* actors' club, though it also welcomes literary, artistic and musical members. It is some eighty years old and is rich in theatrical treasures and memories.

Other mainly theatrical clubs are the Green Room, and the Yorick, while the O.P. and the Playgoers' Clubs cater for those interested in the drama.

A purely literary club is the Authors', while the Press Club is the journalists' lively rendezvous.

The Athenæum is the "bishops' club," from the many high ecclesiastics belonging to it, but it is also a favourite club with eminent scientists, thinkers, writers and men of learning in general.

THE ECCENTRIC.

In the city, there is another Athenæum Club, the City Athenæum Club, which is known as the "Thieves' Kitchen," and is the resort of smart stockbrokers.

Another very lively club is the Eccentric, which is frequented by men about town, popular actors, artists and journalists. It shows its eccentricity by limiting its membership to 999 and resolutely refusing to make it a round thousand.

It would be hard to say which is the most exclusive club in London, but, perhaps, this distinction belongs to the Marlborough Club, in Pall Mall, for this is the King's Club, where he throws aside his great position and becomes a private gentleman with no distinction made between him and his fellow-members, who, however, are for the most part personal friends of His Majesty. At the same time, such clubs as the Bachelors', Travellers', White's, and Boodle's are tremendously exclusive and membership is a social hall-mark.

SPORT AND CARDS.

The Oriental and East India United Services Clubs are for Anglo-Indians, and are famous for their curries, which are apt to send the unseasoned visitor howling for the water carafe.

The Turf Club is the home of aristocratic sportsmen, while the Portland Club, which is nearly one hundred years old, is the headquarters of card-playing.

Pretty well every profession and interest in life is catered for in clubland. Lawyers, for example, have the Eldon Club; merchants and bankers, the City of London and the Gresham; diplomats, the St. James's; golfers, the Golfers'; anglers, the Fly Fishers'; agriculturists, the Farmers'; theatrical managers, the Managers'; Scotsmen, the Caledonian; bookmakers, the Victoria and the Albert; "doggy" people, the Kennel; mountaineers, the Alpine; rowing men, the London Rowing Club; free traders, the Cobden; and swimmers, the Bath Clubs to meet their various wants.

But perhaps the quaintest club of all is the Polyglot Club, which was established a few years ago for people of linguistic attainments; bargees, however, are not admitted.

Another curious club is the Maccabeans, where everything is done by contraries. That is, a member is elected by being unanimously blackballed, while at their dinners an orator is encouraged to go on by shouts of "sit down," "bosh," "dry up," and so on.

Ladies, and ladies and gentlemen's clubs are, of course, of comparatively recent growth, though there are now some twenty of them. The oldest is the Albemarle Club, for ladies and gentlemen, which was founded in 1874. The Alexandra Club is highly exclusive, being for "ladies of position" only.

C. D. MARNHAM.

WHEN ON A CYCLING TOUR.

Here is a good tip to remember when you intend going for a cycle tour extending over several days. Money is a consideration to most of us, and there is generally an uneasy feeling in such cases that we are not sufficiently provided with it.

Well, before you start, decide upon the towns or villages at which you intend sleeping. Then consult a railway guide to find the cheapest hotel or inn at each of them. Under the space devoted to train information there is usually, in such books, a space for hotel advertisements, with tariffs and so on; and in this way you can judge pretty accurately the amount of money that will suffice for your tour.

A DOG-WASHING TIP.

You will sometimes hear a man say that he allows no one but himself to wash his dog; when you do, write him down on the tablets of your mind as possessing wisdom in his generation.

To wash a dog you should have a galvanised bath big enough to hold him and leaving space for rubbing him freely. Then you should have a small mug for pouring water over him. Fill the bath half-full of hot water. Never mind how your dog whimpers. It won't hurt him. Then with your mug soak him all over, and proceed to rub in some strong carbolic soap, such as is sold at oil-shops in large cakes for a penny.

Soap and rub him two or three times, when you will find the water very dirty. Take the dog out, and hold him at arm's length, firmly in both hands, while somebody empties the bath and puts some more hot water into it. Then sluice him over thoroughly once again, take him out, and dry him.

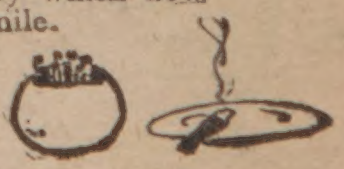
Be careful to rub him well under the arm-pits, for this part, as it is next to the lungs, is a specially delicate one in dogs.

If he is a long-coated dog take him for a run afterwards, for this is the only way of getting him thoroughly dry.

THINGS A MAN REMEMBERS.

There are many things a man remembers, and which, though of course he never speaks of them to his friends, he likes to think of sometimes when he is alone.

That great event in his life when his father first deigned to take him out for a long walk alone, aye, and to converse with him as man to man, it is a little thing to him now, but he will never forget it. The few short words of encouragement spoken to him by his club cricket captain the day he made 50 against the Hall, these come back to him sometimes not unpleasantly. And the still, moonlight night, when, at the age of seventeen, he swore eternal fidelity to his first enslaver then *ætat*. fifteen, and now the mother of another man's five children, is a memory which now and then conjures up a quiet smile.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE CRUISE OF THE REED WARBLER

By S. B. WORSFOLD.

And Darslam has had the effrontery to write me, saying: "I am making up a party again for a cruise on the Norfolk Broads in July on the pleasure-wherry "Reed Warbler." The party will include myself, my sister (the Lady Slavey), my beloved one (Blanche, as per usual), my sister's friend, the Winsome (entirely for your or Forth's edification), and the Funereal One (Mrs. Christina-Croquet, chaperone). Will you join us? Otherwise Jimmy Forth, whom I disappointed last year, will be asked this trip."

The luckless James Forth will *not* languish or fade away for lack of the health-giving air of the Norfolk Broads this year. He will be saved a repetition of the pangs of disappointment—merely because I share in common with many afflicted mortals the mixed blessing of a particularly acute memory.

Looking over the list quoted in Darslam's letter, even the uninitiated may, by his diction, observe that—always excepting Mrs. Christina-Croquet—we were not the sort to let the tideway of the Yare or the Bure flow too lazily under the keel of the bad ship "Reed Warbler."

Described as a pleasure-wherry, and having as retainers two surly men in blue guernseys who walked about like large shadows upon the low freeboards, the "Reed Warbler" was a wherry the "pleasure" of which was precisely what its crew choose to make it.

In the winter it carried grain or bricks between peaceful Wroxham and the sea-salt town at the mouth of the Yare. In the summer—its hold renovated and supplied with long lockers and cushions and a glass-windowed detachable roof—those who cast the golden grain to the winds by pure force of habit were privileged to hire it for ten beautiful pounds per week paid in advance to the not-so-dusty miller who owned it.

In the long apartment beneath the detachable roof which was at once the dining, music, and living room, in addition to being the male's sleeping apartment at night, Lady Slavey had her domain.

After the discursive Darslam and I had had our morning plunge, and a smell of coffee was floating over the dimpling waters from the wherrymen's cook-house aft, it was Miss Darslam's—the Lady Slavey's—privilege to set the table for breakfast.

Oh, those breakfasts on the indifferent ship "Reed Warbler," their memory haunts me still! On my grey flannel "bags" are yet the tea, coffee, and egg-stains, resultant upon the sudden decision that our Skipper, Mobbs, invariably made to cast off our moorings and hoist sail for goodness knows where, just as we started our frugal meal.

In time we began to grasp the manœuvre. Suddenly we would feel a delicious sensation of gliding.

"Thought I'd better get away with this 'ere fair wind, sir," Mobbs would observe, suddenly, through a sliding window above the tinny piano.

Darslam would pause in passing around the tea.

"Quite right, Mobbs," he would say with the air of Sir Thomas Lipton.

Then the wind would fill our sails and—from an outside observer's point of view—we would sway gently, and everyone on the up-side of the heel-over would roar at their dripping *vis-à-vis*. It was really *too* funny if the fried eggs were rather runny and the bacon dish rich in hot grease. Yes, very funny for the upside.

The Funereal One had seen two of her river toilettes ruthlessly ruined, and then—she capitulated. She bowed to the decree of Fate, which has long since rendered the river no place for Mrs. Grundy. On the morning of the second day "Captain" Darslam assumed command, and from that moment plots to undermine his authority were ever afoot.

The scenery of the Broads, the reeds bending to the caress of the soft winds, the dimpling waters, the graceful yachts, the disgraceful, perky motor-boats—all passed us unnoticed. Aboard the brown-sailed, peaceful-looking "Reed Warbler" a continuous battle raged, and across the table, over the piano, or sitting upon cushions before the tall masts, small groups shrieked insults at one another or remained stoically dumb.

The Lady Slavey struck on the third morning, and refused on principle to set the table for the ninth meal in succession.

Mrs. Christina-Croquet, now naught but a buffer state, appealed to Darslam, who, being a country gentleman of the twenty-first water, ordered his fiancée, in the manner of primeval man, to set the meal at once.

Blanche—she had been educated in Germany, Switzerland, and France—said something so horrible that I feel sure that of the three she found that Bonn on the Rhine provided the most expressive language.

Darslam, with the instinct of the Honolulu native, to whom he could not hold the proverbial candle for manners, cottoned on to the observation at once.

I, too, realised quite half of its point when the Winsome, who had a brother who was a rowing coach, actually blushed, and cleared us all up the gangway to argue the matter out on deck while she proceeded to set the table—"a thing," as the immortal lines of the song ran, "she had never done before."

The table in the big cabin was many feet in length, but it seemed that had it been multiplied by two it would not have separated Darslam and his Blanche to their mutual satisfaction. The whole thing showed how very far it is possible to remain one from the other, even in a comparatively confined space, when Love is lost on a wherry.

Now, my pen jibs at writing it, but it must be confessed that within two days I had found Blanche, in spite of her German, good to look upon, of pleasant speech, and engaging manner. Besides, considering the narrowness of the gangway on the "Reed Warbler," hang it, you cannot expect a man to be continually giving the whole of his admiration exclusively to the scenery of the Broads.

Let it be placed to my credit, however, that Darslam in the same light-hearted, river-inspired manner as myself, had extracted a toll from the Winsome (who was, by unwritten rule, for *my* "edification" entirely) ere he allowed her to pass on to the upper deck. We were none of us cast in "heavy" parts on the "Reed Warbler"—until the invasion of the German language.

Darslam, with the air of look-what-you-have-driven-me-to, was in converse with the wherrymen in the aft caboose, where they had their habitation, where Blanche, standing on the whited border of the prow beyond the mast-stay (she would have sat on the end of the projecting quantpole, two good yards over the water, had she thought there was half a chance to keep her balance), drew me as far aside as it was possible for me to step without ha... foot over the bows.

Dusk was falling over the ... waters in which the ill-condition... of my left deck-shoe was ... mirrored, and to the west ... was going down on what I was pleased ... the gods was the fifth day. It seem... we had been sailing in reed-girt silen... years.

Almost tearfully, yet with a sweetly be... touch of feminine indignation, she laid bef... as a trusted, honoured friend, the whole ... her grievances against Darslam, dating fr... day that her mother had half approved of ... a prospective son-in-law.

Suffice it to say that at the end of an h... approaching night became chillier in direc... thesis to the warmth of my respectful sy... for a wronged (and beauteous) young wom...

"Do not tolerate him for another day," ... and I meant it.

You will gauge how serious the affair wa... I tell you that the last question put to ... Blanche asked for my decision, as an ho... and trusted friend, as to whether she should ... his presents, which, like marriage gifts, ha... "both numerous and costly."

Here I felt it my duty, as Darslam's fri... put in a subtle word on his behalf, knowing ... the case of the defection of Blanche he wo... his heart and one or two bracelets and br... at the feet of another within a fortnight.

Jewellers' boxes being easy to procure, t... turned presents, after cleaning, could be ... the next on Darslam's list.

Heavens! how I have continually regrett... I did not say: "My dear young lady, stick ... than oyster-shells to the lot!"

That night the boat moored near Hornin... silent supper over, and the women folk ... Darslam, between the labours of making ... on the top of the opposite locker, opened bi... to me, while I wrestled with the serious prob... how to convert a mass of red and black ... blankets, a tapestry tablecloth, and two ... calico things about the size of large dish... into a respectable bed for a young and s... Englishman.

He revealed all that Blanche in he... feminine manner, I will say—had concealed ... me.

It was an impressive story from beginn... end, told almost in broken accents and w... pathos I should never have expected from ... who mixed green, brown, purple and yello... heterogeneous mass on one waistcoat.

I discovered that Darslam—the coarse, ... gated Darslam—had a heart.

Incidentally, one of the two had put thin... me inaccurately—but, while allowing Darsl... heart, I never shall, as long as I live, cred... with more imagination than is possessed ... wooden block upon which the West-End ... dresser manufactures transformations.

"Darslam," said I, "the girl is not wor... you."

He stretched a hand across the dining ...

"Thank you for those words, old man," sa... fervently.

Need I write further? Need I drag out ... the eyes of an already scandalised public th... that it was brooches, bracelets, a pencil-c... two, and a wrist-watch (to say nothing of a ... hoop ring) that out-weighed the imp... Blanche's indignation, and sent her literally ... the arms of Darslam when the twilight ... sixth evening fell on the "Reed Warbler."

Need I add that after this sentiment they ... pared notes, and the advice I gave to b... them as an honoured and trusted friend? F... I might ask whether it was not clever of ... arrange for an immediate wire to come ho... await me at the Wroxham "Horseshoes"?

Yet Darslam has had the effrontery to ... me, saying, "I am making up a party again ... cruise on the Norfolk Broads in July ... pleasure-wherry 'Reed Warbler.' ... you join us?"

HE LONG WALK SEASON

MON-SENSE TIPS THE LONG - DIS-ANCE TRAMP.

a common ambition sportsmen to achieve ing out of the ordin-It is an ambition that arries a man far in and there is nothing ainst it so long loes not lead to sport-ks and eccentricity. man who has accom-a very long walk in ly good time is still d as a man who has than proved his

long-distance walker ething of a rarity in ys of all manner of d cheap and easily-l conveyances. And ely that as the years the man who regu-alk for pleasure will eater rarity still.

e of the influences tending to kill the f long walks, there are very many men re still quietly keeping to the road while the car and the cycle whizz by: ese seen just now are in high spirits, they are in the midst of the best for indulging in their favourite sport. best time for long walking exploits s the months of May and June. The for fixing this period should be ob-

ARY TRAINING.

very long walk—that is to say, any-er thirty miles—should not be under-when the weather is very uncertain or o sudden and very complete changes, g with them extremes of temperature. fficient test of the physical powers to alking, without the additional neces-fighting inclement weather.

over, the very hot weather is not a ime, in England at least, for a very alk. It takes too much out of one, one has already hardened oneself and d from early in the season.

d hardly say that it is foolish to at-a walk of forty or fifty miles without deal of preliminary training. training should be of a sort that ac-not only the body, but the mind and too, to the mere idea of great

gin a walk with one eye on a far-point which, as the hours slip by, o grow more and more remote, is a to begin. It fags the mind, and the gs the body. Practise, in short, the the mental attitude—of the tortoise steadily on without hankering too fter signs of the goal.

THE DISTANCES.

do not be bothered with counting s, at least until you are nearly at the end. up to your distance. Do not lead a twenty-mile walk on first be-to prepare. Nine, ten, or eleven enough.

an add five, ten, fifteen, at each ng tramp, and then you will come upon a forty or fifty-mile tramp, to mplished in the course of from four-twenty hours, as a task well within owers.

e walked hundreds of miles in spells ttle as five and as much as close on fifty in a day, and I have come to the conclusion that there are no special secrets to be learned for helping a man on when the road begins to pull him back — as it inevitably will in every really long walk.

However fresh you feel when starting, you are certainly going to feel very, very cheap before you land at the other end, and it is no use denying the fact.

On the subject of boots and the care of the feet before and during the walk, more nonsense has been written than on any other subject connected with sport. Many people recommend a whole chemist's shop by way of aids to easy walking, blister prevention, and such-like matters. Now, unless you are gifted or cursed with feet like horse's hoofs, *you are certainly going to have blisters.*

The only thing worth using to stave them off until the last moment is pure yellow soap. Wet the soap and thoroughly saturate the sock-sole with it from the inside.

STUDY YOUR BOOTS.

It will not stop or cure blisters, but used in good time it will lessen their severity and make walking much less trying.

As to boots, it is folly to attempt to do a long walk in boots that are not thoroughly worn to your feet and tread. Do not have hard newly-made-up heels on the boots if you are in the least inclined to "tread over." The newly-made-up heel brings on a blister sooner than anything.

The boot should have enough room in the toes to allow of a full spread of your foot when putting it to ground. Any boot, however comfortable at ordinary times, that causes one toe to overlap another in the least degree, should not be used.

Boots that have become very easy are not advised. They tend to rub; but boots that have long since lost the memory of their newness, while they have not begun to be as slack and easy as slippers, are the ideal.

A fair sole is good; not a half-inch wedge, nor a city boot's thin layer, but a medium "stout" boot. Let the shin-bone have as much play down below the top of the leather as possible. In other words, do not strangle your ankles by tight laces.

EAT HEARTILY.

On the other hand, do not have your boots so loose that they shift on the foot. You will not do ten miles in comfort thus.

Remember that "an army marches on its stomach," and do not starve yourself. Your ordinary food, and as much as ever you want, is the best preparation for a long tramp, but, once started, do not be too ready to turn in for the next meal.

For any distance near to forty-five miles or over it is best to start at night. I find nine o'clock is a good time. I walk into the next day still with a good deal of strength in reserve, and the return of sunshine is a great reviver. Time your walk so that it ends before the mid-day heat.

To walk so that the latter end of the distance is covered in darkness always has a depressing effect.

Above all keep a good heart and stick to it.

J. E. MARTIN.

IN A BOOKIE'S DEN.

HOW THE STAY-AT-HOME PENCILLER CONDUCTS HIS BUSINESS.

In a small, but well-furnished, room over a wine shop facing one of London's great railway termini, a man sits at a roll-top desk, busy with a big ledger and a cheque-book.

He ticks off the carefully-written entries in the ledger, the majority of which he passes by with a look of contentment, but some of which necessitate the writing out of a cheque.

This busy worker is a stay-at-home bookie, or, as he grandiloquently styles himself, a Turf Commission Agent; and the day being Monday, or settling day, he is hurrying to get off his cheques to lucky backers before racing starts at about one o'clock.

In appearance the man by no means resembles the conventional type of bookmaker. He wears no loud check suit, his waistcoat is not of the horsey variety, and instead of being big and burly, he is built rather on the short side.

On the big table set apart for the telephone are spread out many sporting papers, giving the particulars of the day's racing.

He is busy assimilating all these facts when one of the telephone bells gives a tinkle.

"Hallo?" says the bookie, picking up a pencil and a memorandum tablet. "Who is it? Mr. Marks? What can I do for you, Mr. Marks? Tipstaff, twenty, twenty, twenty? Right you are! Good-bye!"

For the benefit of the uninitiated we may make it clear that Mr. Marks wishes to invest on Tipstaff twenty shillings to win, twenty shillings 1—2—3, and twenty shillings 1—2. The "penciller" simply jots down on his memorandum tablet, "Marks. Tipstaff twenty, twenty, twenty. 'Phoned at 12.50," tears off the sheet and impales it on a "spike." The day's first commission is booked.

He opens his letters and telegrams, but he is careful not to do so until he is behind his desk, as there is a superstition among his kind that to neglect this rule brings bad luck.

A knock on the door and his clerk comes in. "Mr. Dixon to see you, sir." And Mr. Dixon, a brother bookie, is shown in.

"Hullo, Dick," exclaims the host cheerily—bookmakers are always Tom, Dick, or Harry to one another—"I just wanted to see you. Have you had much of Tipstaff?"

"Not much," says Dixon.

"Well, I've got more than I want," says the other. "Will you take a tenner each way?"

"Right," assents Dixon, and books it. In this way our stay-at-home bookie has been enabled to "lay off," to use the professional expression, some of what he fears is a dangerous commission.

But Mr. Dixon has come on different business that apparently worries him. He produces a letter, written on the paper of a good club, but ill-spelt and written in an untutored hand. It is from a punter who wishes to open an account with him.

"This looks fishy to me," says Mr. Dixon. "Have you ever seen this handwriting?" The host takes it, and after a short scrutiny, rings for his clerk.

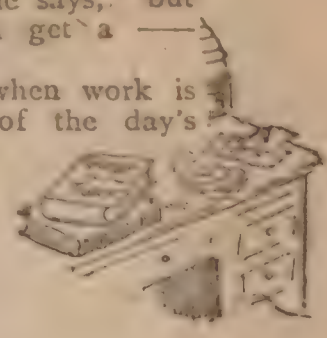
"Bring in the museum of wrong 'uns," he says.

The "museum"—a collection of letters from defaulting "clients," all pasted into a book—is brought, and a short search suffices to justify Dixon's suspicions. His correspondent is a "wrong 'un."

"I sha'n't take any notice," he says, "but if the chap calls on me—he'll get a —— good hidin'!"

And so they part, to meet when work is over, and compare the notes of the day's racing.

A. L. HINKS.



"TOMMY CROCODILE."

A HERO IN UNIFORM.

"I spy blue, I spy black, I spy a copper in a shiny hat."

The brawny constable made pretence of going in pursuit of the sinful youngster who thus delivered himself, and it was so well acted that the dirty-faced youngster flew for his life.

P.C. 741 grinned good-humouredly as his eyes followed the flying form. Perhaps he was thinking of his own youthful days, or of his early days in the force, when he was the butt of the small boys of our neighbourhood, of which happy brigade I was once a member.

It makes me blush with shame now when I think of the torments I and my fellows inflicted upon that budding officer. But he is a jolly good sort, and I often have a few minutes' conversation with him when he is on duty round about my place.

When I first knew him he had just joined and had been drafted to our highly respectable suburb to gain a practical knowledge of his duties.

He was a big, raw-boned chap, and as strong as a horse, but as green as the fields he had so recently left.

With true boyish instinct we at once picked him out as a likely target for our little jokes. The majestic dignity of the new "bobby" received a rude shock when I, with the aid of others as deeply steeped in lawlessness as myself, went behind him and tipped his helmet over his eyes.

What a chase it was too! We ran as we had never run before, but it took us a long time to shake him off, which we did eventually by separating and going in half a dozen directions.

But he soon left off chasing us and went in for a more sedate method of retaliation, which consisted of catching us singly or in twos and threes at odd moments and cuffing our ears with his gloves.

Time rolled on and we grew out of our childish amusement by degrees, while he began to grow stout and staid, and by some kind of silent agreement we left each other alone.

It was one summer day about three years after he came that we were disporting ourselves in the canal, where swimming was forbidden, when the blue-coated form of "Tommy Crocodile" hove in sight.

There was a rush for the bank, and, with our clothes tucked under our arms, we bolted. We were alarmed a few moments later to find that one of our number was missing, a delicate little chap who could not swim, and so we rushed back to find him.

When we reached the bank we saw him floundering out of his depth, and crying weakly for help, while the brawny form of "Tommy Crocodile" was moving rapidly through the water towards him. A few moments later he brought him ashore, nearly drowned and half dead with fright.

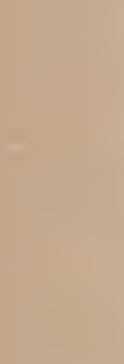
We looked at the dripping "Crocodile" with admiration. That our mortal enemy, "Tommy Croc" should be the first to jump in and save one of us from drowning filled us with a sensation that I cannot describe.

Some years have passed since that day, and those little boys are all grown up, some of them are married, but they still know old "Tommy"—just plain "Tommy" now, without any "Crocodile"—and they never pass him without a smile and a cheery word.

He has distinguished himself by saving other lives since then, once by plunging into the canal to save a drunken bargee.

There are more "Tommy Crocodiles" in our police force than many people imagine, and I hope their number will never grow less, for it is they who make our police the finest in the world.

WILLIAM SEELEY.



A SPORT FOR ALL SEASONS.

PAPER-CHASI

In the green country lane everything is silent. The entire animal and vegetable world of the neighbourhood seems to be slumbering in the heat of the early summer afternoon. But in a second the whole character of the scene is changed.

From somewhere in the distance a whistle shrills through the stillness; and, with a soft, but hurried "pad-pad" of dusty running-shoes, two men come into view round a bend in the road.

As fast as their labouring lungs will permit them, they speed onward, now and then turning an anxious glance backward over their shoulders, and casting away, from time to time, handfuls of white scraps of paper which form a clear indication of the direction they have taken.

"HARE-AND-HOUNDS."

A "paper-chase"—otherwise known as "Hare-and-Hounds"—is evidently in progress; and these two men are the "hares."

"Hare-and-Hound" races are, without doubt, the most enjoyable and withal the most exciting form of cross-country running; and it is a surprising fact that, whereas hundreds of men throughout the country take lengthy and monotonous runs by themselves every week-end, there are by no means as many "hare-and-hound" clubs in existence as the sporting character of the exercise would appear to deserve.

"Hare-and-Hounds" is specially suitable to a small band of men, working together in the same office, who wish to start an athletic club. Say, for instance, that there are twelve or fourteen of them. This will not be a sufficient number for a cricket club of more than one eleven, even granted that each man can play cricket, and that the funds of the party as a whole will run to the purchase of all the indispensable accessories.

CHEAP EXERCISE.

Why not start a "paper-chasing" club? It will cost practically nothing, and no preliminary training will be required, except a little graduated exercise, at first, to get all the men sound in wind and limb.

Each man should provide himself with a zephyr vest, running shorts and shoes, together with a warm greatcoat and muffler (for use before and after the race); and a fixed meeting-place should be arranged for every Saturday afternoon at some suburb within the most convenient reach of the greatest number.

Two of the men, chosen not so much for swiftness as for staying power—though a combination of both qualities is eminently desirable—are told off as "hares" and each is provided with a large linen bag, filled with scraps of light-coloured paper. [illegible] cases, these are simply newspaper[s] overnight by industrious members of [illegible] but men who do not care for this j[ob] certainly is very tedious, can procure [a] mense quantity of paper-shavings for [a] or two from any bookseller.)

HOW TO CARRY THE BAGS.

The bags of "scent" should be s[lung] the hares' backs from the right shoulder [to] left side, where there should be a [small] opening for the hand, and they should be secured at the waist as well by a strap. In this way they will not incommode the runner by flapping about on his back.

The "hares" should be sent off on a course of about eight or ten miles, finishing at the starting point, but otherwise left entirely to their discretion. Every twenty yards or so they must throw away a small handful of paper. They are allowed about ten or twelve minutes' start; and then the "hounds," the stronger-footed but slightly shorter-winded runners, are off in pursuit.

The Master of Hounds, or, in other words, the Captain, is chosen for his superior knowledge of the country, and keen eyesight (in order the better to see the [trail] of the "scent"). He carries a strong [bag] and runs in front of the "pack," with [a] him, generally in couples at intervals of [a few] yards or so. The "whipper-in" or last man carries a small flag.

LAYING THE SCENT.

Doubtless for a while the scent will be discernible; and the pack covers the ground at a good pace. And, if the hares are worth their salt, the course is a varied and sporting one. Over meadows, across hedges and barbed-wire fences, it leads; and here and there a ploughed field is met, where the white pieces of paper show up clearly against the brown, turned earth, but where all the hounds prudently slacken their pace to save wind, and where not a few of the less well-trained men will drop right out of the race. For the "plough" is notoriously exhausting.

Perhaps, at a more or less open and well-swept piece of country, the hounds will come to a check and the scent will fail. When this happens, the captain blows his whistle and the pack draw up with him. The "whipper-in" marks the point where the scent has failed by sticking his flag into the ground, whereupon the pack scatters and works round in circles until one of them strikes the trail again.

THE END.

And so the race goes on, either until the hares are sighted, when a ding-dong chase ensues to overtake them, or else until the exhausted and depleted band of hounds arrives at the goal, which is generally some wayside inn, to find the victorious pair sitting in their coats and sweaters, happily engaged on some steaming beverage.

If desired, a certain variation can be introduced into such contests by handicapping the hounds, in accordance with their pace to the runners. But this idea is not often put into execution, for it takes away much of the sporting spirit of paper-chasing, inasmuch as each man runs his own race, as it were, and is only concerned to put in the fastest time.

The handicapping, in such cases, takes the form of sending the men off with different degrees of start; and, of course, neither captain nor "whipper-in" is required.

In conclusion, as a training for other directly competitive forms of athletics, producing all-round bodily fitness, the "Hare-and-Hounds" is second to no other sport.

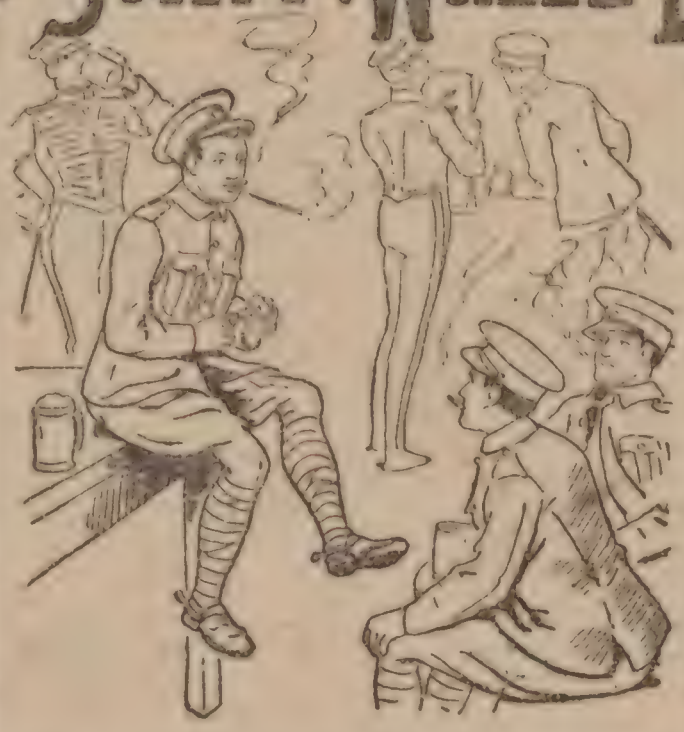
C. [illegible]

BRICKY SMIFF: WHEEL DRIVER.

A SKETCH.

By C. H. BEAUMONT.

297816, Driver John Smith, affection-
nown as Bricky Smiff, was a wheel
in the Royal Regiment of Artillery.
ht, red-haired, happy-go-lucky little
vil, the leading individual in almost
ark that happened in barracks. He was
sturdy little figure, a miniature Her-
ostrils, a not too thick nose, and small
ng grey eyes set well back under a
d broad but not high.
standard of intelligence expressed in
al conformation was not distinctly of a
evated order, he could hardly have
assed as intellectual, but he possessed
und quality of sense generally mis-
common.
he had a fine fund of humour was
from the comical expression his
usually wore, whilst the straight,
look from his eyes intimated to a
degree the daring that was inbred in
ow.
ys in scrapes of one kind and another,
t as surely emerging therefrom without
h, except when Bricky had been hav-
ittle spree on pay day, and a severe
received on the morrow from the
Man." Still, that was considered as
ll in the day's work, in which category
included everything.
rade his lips were generally pursed
emitting in a subdued whistle the
ul wail of a music-hall ditty that
else had forgotten. Sometimes, how-
would be minded to intimate its
e, when it would be detailed to all
earshot at the top of his voice.
cially did this happen when, after a
lay, he could be seen in the harness-
olishing up buckles, etc., and getting
or the next morning's parade.
seldom that anyone occupied that
injointly with Bricky, except two of his
cronies, or worshippers. He had his
y of doing things that was absolutely
tory to the general rule, and he
cleaned harness whilst others were
on.
presence was required, his Sergeant
here to send for him. In the canteen
be seated hard-faced, red-headed
ap on back of his head, the ubiquitous
bine" if not between his lips, repos-
fully behind his left ear, his hands
with a hook and hoofpick fixed to
, and a pint pot of the luscious pro-
hops on the table before him.
would stay there until every other
had finished his cleaning, and after a
hil—we could sometimes prevail upon
stay, and now and again cajole a song
him to the intense delight of the audi-
e would depart and commence to
is harness, after he had seen to his two
and probably spent his last twopence
ad for them.
ever, whatever time he was up at night
g, he was always the first on parade,
verything cleaned and polished up to
es. His pair of wheel horses were
s special care, and it was a pleasure to
im groom them. He would be talking
all the while, making soft silly jokes
gh the animals were human, and could
hend his speeches.
off wheeler would never let any other
ter her stall, let alone groom her, but
was quite at home there, and used to
at she knew and understood him better
y human being he could remember.
eight years' service he was still a



driver, but as happy as a king. He did get a stripe once, was full bombardier in fact, but only for a short while.

It rather upset us on parade to watch Bricky's new dignity, we could see he was uncomfortable, and, of course, this produced in us a desire to make things warmer for him.

Although a good horseman and a thoroughly competent soldier, he was not fitted for occupying a high position. In three weeks his responsibility and increase of pay overcame him, his assumed Sergeant-Major-like deportment underwent a complete change. He got "blindo," had a slight difference of opinion with a few civilians, and as a consequence he was awarded a few days' incarceration in the cells, and was reduced to the ranks.

After he had served his sentence he returned to us nothing daunted, and the same night had the subsection convulsed with laughter over the marvellous tales his vivid imagination enabled him to weave, especially over the doings of the battery when quartered in Ireland. When Miffy was in good case, a yarn delivered in his own inimitable style was simply irresistible.

About two years after Bricky's reduction we were one Saturday night sound asleep in bed, when, with its usual suddenness, the trumpet sounded the "Alarm."

Out we plopped, swearing at the person who, we thought, had instigated this unnecessary imposition, for we had heard that particular call before and nothing had happened; but as we hastily dodged round we noticed light playing on the walls, which filled us with apprehension.

Rapidly pulling on slacks and pushing stockingless feet into cossacks, we rushed down the stairs into the middle of the Picquet and Guard, who had turned out at the first alarm.

Bricky Smiff was there first, and was busy leading out one of the terrified animals from the stables below, which were all ablaze.

Into the work we rushed like demons, the terror of the animals and the scorching heat making the work of liberating them trebly difficult and dangerous.

Bricky was seen with his face covered with blood and smoke-blackened, bravely endeavouring to bring out his terrified off wheeler, and that was the last any of us saw of him alive.

In a very short time the horses were got out with only one or two injured, the fire was under control, and we were paraded for roll-call.

Everyone was there except Driver J. Smith. "Where's Bricky Smiff?" "Has anyone seen Smiffy?" Cries rang out everywhere, each man looking at his neighbour to see if by some chance it was Bricky having a lark with the Sergeant-Major.

But, no, there was no sign of him, and after a search party had been detailed off, we were marched away to fresh quarters.

The search party found him inside "F" stable close to the door, lying flat on his face, his clothes practically all burnt away, and his right hand grasping the remains of a surcingle wrapped round what once had been a pair of horse blankets, which possibly covered Bricky's pair of wheelers. He had returned for these to put over his horses!

The news to us was a terrible shock. We were stunned, and wanted to laugh, unable to realise what had happened. Was this Bricky, our Bricky?

Slowly and carefully we carried him up to a cot, and gently laid him down. We were all he had, and he loved us as we loved him, and for a long time afterwards his virtues were the sole subject of conversation in the barrack-room, whilst to recruits he was held up as a patron saint to be adopted by every Artillery driver.

The whole Brigade turned out to the funeral.

We, his chums, could not speak, that lump in the throat stuck with a horrible pertinacity. The last post sounded like the death-knell of happiness to the inmates of our room, and many a tear was forced from apparently dry eyes by the sorrowful last notes of the call.

The volley was fired, and we saw the earth turned on the remains of our chum.

Sullenly we turned away, and swore roundly at the lively airs played by the band. How they seemed to grate on us! Tunes we had whistled and sung time after time now sounded horrible. Sorrowfully we marched along, heads mostly hung down, miserable to the last degree. Never had we thought so much of him as now. Not a word was spoken in the ranks during the march back to the barracks, our hearts and thoughts were with Bricky Smiff, our Bricky.

TWO IMPORTANT RIDING HINTS.

Many men who have only recently taken up riding are often greatly inconvenienced when they have to mount their horses. This is because a horse will often contract the habit of starting off as soon as he feels the foot in the stirrup.

This tendency is due, in most cases, to the fact that his head has been customarily held while he was being mounted—a great mistake. The animal should not be accustomed to being held, for if this is avoided, he will generally stand still until the rider is in his seat.

But if your horse does attempt to move before you are ready, come to the ground immediately, while checking him gently with the reins. Keep on doing this over and over again until he will allow you to mount him quietly. Once broken in this way, he will never again give you any trouble.

Here is another very important point to remember. If you run home at a good pace, and immediately go into a warm room, you will break into a profuse perspiration, although you were not hot on reaching home.

It is the same with a horse. If you ride him home at a sharp pace he will "break out" directly he is put in his stall, and you will not be able to put his clothing on for a considerable time. So always walk him home gently for the last mile, and you will be able to bring him in cool.

Men Who Hold the Whip Hand in Spo

SOCIETIES WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RULES OF THE GAME.

Every athlete, whatever be his favourite pastime, knows almost backwards the very definite rules that govern it, and if he is anything of a sportsman he observes them not only in the letter but in the spirit.

But in how many cases is he ignorant of the true origin of those rules and of the name and constitution of the body that has the power to alter or to add to them at any time?

Definite and uniform rules are obviously necessary for the successful conduct of any game, and it is therefore necessary that there should be one governing body or committee or similar institution which has supreme jurisdiction in all matters concerning that game.

How these governing bodies came in some cases to be generally recognised, it would be difficult to say. In others the rise to supremacy is easily traced.

DIVIDED AUTHORITY.

In some sports there are even now two or more institutions which dispute the sovereignty, but even here in time the will of one or other will probably become predominant.

The Football Association, that gigantic organisation whose offices are in Holborn, is one of the most prominent of the bodies that govern sports, and its will is law to the many thousands who derive their living or their relaxation from the game to which it has given its very name.

The Northern Rugby Football Union and the Rugby Football Union divide the sway over the sister game, since they hold different views on the question of professionalism.

Cricket, again, is in the hands of the Marylebone Cricket Club, better known as the M.C.C., whose famous ground, "Lord's," has seen so many great matches for over a century past.

THE M.C.C.

It was in 1898 that a meeting of county representatives handed over to the M.C.C. the task of amending the rules of county cricket, as the club had offered to form a committee for the purpose, and since that time the rules have remained in their hands.

In all matters concerning rifle-shooting, the National Rifle Association is paramount. It was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1861, when the volunteer movement was in its infancy, for the express purpose of encouraging rifle-shooting.

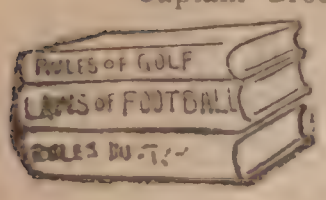
The meetings of the N.R.A. at Bisley are the Mecca of the marksman, and as almost every rifle-club is affiliated to it and accepts its rules for the conduct of shooting, it will be seen that the Council of the N.R.A. holds the whip hand in a very real sense in all matters concerning the sport.

Every member of that Council is or was a crack rifle-shot and almost all have won distinction in other fields as well.

LORDS OF THE TURF.

Horse-racing, as all the world knows, is regulated by the Jockey Club, whose committee hold almost autocratic sway over a sport from which many derive their living. The recent suspension of a well-known jockey has only served to emphasise the power they wield, as well as the necessity for the existence of some such body whose duty it shall be to see fair play.

The three Stewards of the Jockey Club, Mr. L. Brassey, The Earl of Derby, and Captain Greer, and the Secretary, Mr. E. M. Weatherby, have by no means a sinecure, since they are largely responsible for the



conduct of race-meetings and the central organisation of the sport of kings.

The Amateur Athletic Association, from its offices in the Adelphi, London, rules over athletic sports proper throughout England and lays down definitely such details as the weight and size of the implements to be used in throwing the hammer or putting the weight, and the height of hurdles and so on.

Scotland and Ireland have each their own Associations in this as in many other branches of sport, but the desire for uniformity no doubt leads to a certain amount of collaboration even here.

Boxing and rowing are watched over by the Amateur Boxing Association and the Amateur Rowing Association respectively, while the Amateur Swimming Association and the Lawn Tennis Association are two more central authorities who lay down the law in London for athletes all over the country.

HOW GOLF IS GOVERNED.

The Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews, in the north of Scotland, has from time immemorial held sway over the game of golf, in which the existence of definite rules to meet every emergency is of such paramount importance.

Their committee is continually issuing edicts which have the force of law to all the members of other golf clubs throughout the British Isles. Their latest edict dealing with the use of certain more complicated types of putter has caused a considerable flutter in the dovecotes of the golfers.

In this connection it is interesting to note the immense power that these committees have over the trades that supply the materials requisites for the various sports. A body of men sitting round a table in a club can by a single decision, apparently a contrary one, throw on his hands a stock the alteration of a fraction of an inch an ounce in some specified measurement weight has rendered only fit for the heap.

UNSELFISH SPORTSMEN.

Yet it is only fair to say that the men form these governing bodies are good sportsmen to the backbone. Their decisions are made in the opinion that they tend towards a more sportsmanlike conduct the game and its improvement in some particular respect, and it is also fairly safe to suppose that that opinion is justified every member of the committee has a knowledge and often many years of experience of the sport to which he devotes his time energies in an administrative, if no longer active, capacity.

J. GERVAS

A SCENE OF VARIED LIFE.

The man who wants to see all sorts conditions of men and to revel in an atmosphere of bustle and excitement can do better than to go to a big London railway terminus on the day of an important race meeting.

Faces well-known to the general public through the medium of the illustrated papers are to be seen on all sides, here a well-known owner of horses, there a famous jockey or a crack jockey. But they are not on view" for long. They hasten to their carriages, and are seen no more.

Here and there are men who have made a name in other directions—politicians, and so on.

Who is that purposeful-looking man, standing about by the booking offices? And why did that "rough" on being spoken to by a policeman at once move away? He is an official employed by the stewards of the meeting, to see that no known bad characters are allowed to book tickets for the races.

You didn't know there was such an official? Very few people do know it. There are a lot of things happening quietly at railway stations on big race days of which most people are quite unconscious.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain many thousands of potential who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety pin, gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin, safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westminster Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

MPIRING

HINTS ON A DIFFICULT TASK.

ong the physical qualities of a cricket e, good sight and good hearing are ost.

e need for a sharp eye is obvious, but is an acute ear so important?

ll, in the case of a catch at the wicket apire will sometimes have to rely mainly s sense of hearing. I don't say that se the umpire hears a click as the ball s the bat he is to give the striker out peal. The click might come from other than hitting the bat. If the batsman pad-strap loose and knocks it in play- here will be something very like a click.

LT DUTIES.

in when the ball flies into the wicket-r's hands, there will often be a noise click, especially if the stumper's gloves et or sticky, and in the case of fast g the ball is in the wicket-keeper's almost as soon as it has passed the bat. it often happens that the ball touches t over so slightly and deviates just a from its course. Screw might have it do that without touching the bat, at the same time the umpire hears a lick then he may be tolerably sure that ayer has touched the ball.

in a player tries to glance a ball to d just misses it. The ball grazes his clearly turned from its course and the appeals for a catch. In the absence click the umpire should have no hesita- answering "Not out."

rally, an umpire should be a man of firm ter and, of course, he must be ab- ly impartial and incorruptible.

ays give your decisions promptly and ; a bad decision quickly and firmly will often pass muster, whereas a good on hesitatingly given will generally be ored.

PROBLEMS.

true that you have a right to consult er umpire, but the less consulting you e better for your reputation.

rally, an umpire should know the rules ards and forwards, but it is astonish- ow many umpires do not know them, or do know them, it is only parrotwise, cannot apply them.

is especially true about the law in to no-balling a bowler for unfair ry.

member playing in a fairly good-class , where we had regular paid umpires. of our opponents bowled with a rather ful action, but the umpire at his end no notice.

the match I asked him whether he ht that particular bowler's delivery was "Well, sir," he answered, "I had my s about him, but as I wasn't sure, I let lone."

HING AND JERKING.

course, he ought to have no-balled him e spot. In the case of the batsman, the e if uncertain must always give him the efit of the doubt," but where the bowler ncerned the reverse holds good. Unless absolutely satisfied as to the fairness of very, he should no-ball the bowler every The bent arm is a good but not in- test of unfair bowling; for some ers will contrive to keep a straight arm o throw or jerk from the wrist.

s a mistake also to suppose that only fast ers throw. Not so very many years ago a n county had a slow bowler who mixed s with fair balls. Possibly because he an amateur, the umpires let him alone,

but when the M.C.C. made county captains responsible for playing doubtful bowlers he disappeared from first-class cricket.

The law is that the ball must not be thrown or jerked, and the umpire should pay more attention to that than to the bowler's action, which, though suspicious, may be perfectly fair.

SOURCE OF DISPUTES.

Of course, it is unpleasant to have to no-ball a man for unfair bowling, but it must be remembered that in many cases the culprit is quite unconscious of his crime, and is only too glad to be pulled up for an offence which he would never dream of committing in cold blood.

Anyway, the umpire must do his duty, regardless of other people's feelings, but don't be too precipitate; wait until the ball has actually left the bowler's hand before you no-ball him either for unfairness or for having his rear foot over the bowling-crease.

The l.b.w. rule leads to constant disputes, and the batsman who agrees that he was rightly given out l.b.w. should, when discovered, have a tin medal hung round his neck, or be stuffed and put in a museum.

Nevertheless, the umpire should seldom be in doubt over leg-before-wicket. If in his opinion the ball pitched between the wickets, *i.e.*, inside parallel lines drawn from outer stumps to outer stumps, and would in his opinion have hit the wicket but for the batsman's leg, it does not matter a dump whether the ball breaks or not—the striker is out l.b.w.

WARNING TO WICKET-KEEPERS.

Of course, if a ball pitches between the wickets and has a big break on it, it cannot possibly hit the stumps, but the umpire should be able to judge that.

Umpires, however, often wrongly give a man out l.b.w. in such a case as this: a rising ball hits the batsman on the leg on a level with the bails. The batsman is clearly in front of his wicket. "How's that?" "Out," or up goes the umpire's forefinger. But he is wrong. The rising ball left alone would have gone over the wicket, and he should have given the striker "not out."

On the other hand, a falling ball, for example a dropping full-pitch, may hit the batsman well above the level of the bails and he will be fairly out, for the ball, not obstructed, would have dropped down into the wicket. The umpire at the striker's end has a fairly easy time of it, for as a rule he is only appealed to for cases of stumping or run out.

In regard to stumping he should be careful to see that the wicket-keeper has no part of his person in front of the wicket when he takes the ball. If he has so much as the tip of his nose in front of the wicket he cannot stump the man off that ball.

The experienced umpire keeps count of an over automatically, but the beginner is apt to give a ball too many or too few.

COUNTING THE OVER.

The old dodge of keeping six coppers in one hand, and passing them one by one for each ball into the other hand is as good as any.

Of course, when in doubt as to how many balls have been bowled, you can always appeal to the scorer, but it is not very dignified to have to do so.

Firmness, close attention to the game, ability to apply the rules to any and every case that may arise, and above all, an unswerving determination to be fair, so far as is humanly possible—for even the best of umpires may make a mistake—are the marks of a good umpire, and a good umpire is a pearl of great price. F. C. NICHOLLS.

A STRIKING TIP.

There is nothing more annoying, if one is fortunate enough to work in an office where one is allowed to smoke, to find oneself without matches and to be forced continually to "cadge" one from a fellow-worker.

Even more annoying is it if the fellow-worker continually comes over to *your* desk and asks you for a light. It is all right if you have a box of vestas, because you can hand him a supply, and thus secure peace; but if you only possess "safeties" you are in a difficulty.

Here is a good dodge, which the present writer once learned from a fellow-journalist. With a pair of scissors cut off a piece of the "striking side" of the safety match-box, pin this on your friend's desk as a "striker," and give him a handful of matches.

Then you can go back to your work in peace, and happy in the knowledge that you have played the good Samaritan.

SOME FALLACIES.

That toast has the effect of impoverishing the blood. Bread possesses certain fat-producing elements, and in the process of toasting these are removed. That is why toast is used by athletes for training down.

That by drinking very much water one can do oneself harm. Water, as we all know, is man's natural drink. The Japanese, who are by way of being specialists in health-culture, drink on an average two quarts of water a day per head, and experience excellent results from the practice.

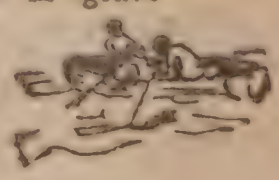
That cider is a non-intoxicant. Cider must contain a certain amount of alcohol for the sake of preservation; so that if you take enough of it, you will experience the same effects as from an overdose of beer or spirits.

SEA-FISHING FROM A BOAT.

It is not too early now to speak of sea-fishing; for with the lengthening days and the gradually increasing geniality of the sun, the season may be said to be well on its way.

But most men when sea-fishing is mentioned, conjure up pictures of sport from piers or rocks jutting a long way into the sea. They forget, or perhaps are unaware, that by far better sport is obtained by fishing from a boat, say a mile or a mile and a half out. All you need is a stout line, which will cost you about sixpence or ninepence, and a can of lob-worms, which any harbour loafer will delightedly provide you with for twopence. In most sea-coast towns and villages, just now, boats may be hired for about eighteenpence a day.

But it is wiser to give rather more and enlist the services of a boatman; for the strongest oarsman who is unacquainted with the local tides may find himself at times in grave danger.



BILLIARD "FINISH."

A TACTICAL ARTICLE FOR MORE ADVANCED PLAYERS.

There comes a time in the career of every billiard player when he has duly mastered all the individual strokes of the game, but when a depressing feeling comes over him, that he has stopped still and can make no further progress. He probably puts this down to staleness, but in nine cases out of ten it is not the real reason. It simply is that though he has mastered the elements of the game, he is lacking in "finish."

Anyone can become a fair hand at billiards, but skill is given to the few only. To rise above the average you must have finish.

And what this finish is presents some difficulty to define; but for all that it is an undeniable entity, and its possession in a greater or less degree is the one quality that separates the good professional from the good amateur.

It is not stroke-play that counts in billiards; in fact, you will often see a professional of the highest class break down at an easy cushion-cannon that a player of proportionate eminence in amateur circles would negotiate with success nineteen times out of twenty. But where would the latter be if the two played a level thousand?

It behoves us, then, when we have a good knowledge of stroke-play, to cultivate as much of this desirable "finish" as lies within our power.

First of all, what we must acquire is a good command of strength, and a very important instance springs readily to the mind. How many average players can consistently start off properly from baulk? A practically insignificant percentage.

In breaking from baulk a player should give his safety-miss in such a way that his ball comes back as nearly as possible in the middle of the half-circle. The reason of this is that if the other man tries a cannon off the red the shot is made so much more difficult in this way than if the object white had been left nearer the cushion.

But if the other man is worth his salt, he will *not* try that cannon off the red. He will give a safety miss, too, this time leaving his ball tucked up well under one of the side cushions, just far enough below the middle pocket to prevent his adversary from screwing in off it.

In these two cases, the right strength is unimaginably difficult to gauge, so that its diligent practice should form the first step on the road towards the acquirement of finish.

Now, with regard to long losers. You hardly ever will see a professional play one unless he is forced to do so. Say that he is in hand, the white near the centre spot, just above the middle pockets, and the red either to the right or left a long way nearer the top cushion. The average player would attempt to go in off either the white or the red, but a good one wouldn't. He would cannon carefully and gently, thus bringing all three balls together at the top of the table, ready for a series of nursery cannons or red winners.

Of course, there is bound to come a time when you can clearly see that your break is at an end, that you will miss the next stroke. Well, whatever you do, avoid the amateur's most fatal mistake, taking a sporting shot at it. It is a hundred to one that you will miss it, but you will probably go very close, so close, indeed, as to leave all sorts of lovely shots "on" for your adversary.

The thing to do, then, is to miss it callously; *but*, mark you, play so as to leave all the balls as far as possible apart. and with none of them over a pocket. In this way you will leave your opponent as difficult a shot as possible, one of the most obvious, but at the same time most important, of billiard tactics.

In conclusion, don't be in too great a hurry to score. If you have a difficult leave, be contented to leave a harder one to your adversary. Even at the risk of descending to "piffling," refrain from being lured into attempting a difficult stroke.

The true art of billiards lies in making every shot as easy as possible for yourself and as difficult for your opponent.

E. NEWTON.

MY NOTEBOOK.

PURELY BUSINESS MATTERS.

I am more than happy to say that the great co-operation scheme which I announced last week has proved extremely popular with my friends and readers.

Letters have reached me from all parts of the country—from readers, newsagents, and others interested in the paper—congratulating me on having formed the company.

There is one point which, perhaps, requires elucidation, and that is regarding the minimum number of shares that will be allotted to each person. A prospectus has, necessarily, to be drawn up by a solicitor, and legal language is not always easy to understand.

"The minimum number of Ordinary Shares," says the Prospectus, "that will be allotted to each person is five."

In plain English, this means that, to become a shareholder in THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED, you must buy at least five shares of 2s. each. That is to say, your investment must be at least 10s.

I fixed on this amount because I want every one of my supporters to be a partner also. I should have liked to make the minimum number of shares even smaller, but the cost of postage and other expenses made that impracticable.

To be the holder of five Ordinary Shares, you have to send 2s. 6d. with your application, 2s. 6d. on allotment, and 5s. as and when required.

I believe that such an arrangement puts the partnership scheme within the reach of every reader.

Although I have dealt at some length with the minimum number of shares, I do not, of course, suggest that you should restrict yourself to such a small purchase if you can afford to make a larger one. The Company is a first-class investment for all your spare cash however much it may be.

The great point to remember is that if you have not yet applied for shares you must do so immediately, for otherwise we may be obliged to return your money.

It may be that you are a new reader and that you did not see the Prospectus published in the last number. If so, I shall be happy to send you one if you drop me a postcard.

I want everything to be very clear, and I have done my best to make it so, but if there is any point you don't understand, just write to me and ask. I shall reply with pleasure.

THE RETURN OF SELBY.

It gives me the greatest pleasure to print in this week's number the first of our new series of complete stories dealing with the further adventures of "Richard Selby, Englishman."

I sincerely hope that you will like these stories. I have restarted them at the special desire of many of my readers, and I may say that in my humble opinion they are fully worthy of a place in our columns.

The idea of Selby was, as I think I once mentioned to you, my own. I suggested the character to Mr. Stern because I believed him to be, of all my contributors, the one most fitted to do justice to such a series.

I wish sometimes that the restraint of cold type and paper could be removed from between us, and that I could chat to you here as I should do if I met you personally. The restraining element of print must, I suppose, remain, but I may say that concerning the former Selby stories, as also in those that are about to be printed, Mr. Stern and I have had many long and sometimes heated discussions.

He has his views and I have mine, and I have given in as often as he has done.

In discussing Selby with him, it has not been at all like ordinary editorial business, both of us have had very strong views on the character. Mr. Stern has at all times been ready to adopt my suggestions, but he has infused into the stories an atmosphere and charm that are entirely his own.

But, after all, what is the use of talking about them. The first of the new series appears in this number and speaks for itself.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Buildings, Strand, Lon...

WICKET-KEEPING.

SOME HINTS BY AN OLD HAND.

The great secret of successful wicket-keeping is quietness. The man who jumps about all over the place will never make a wicket-keeper. A really good wicket-keeper, it is true, will sometimes jump to one side or the other, but that is only to take a ball on the leg side or wide on the off. All other balls he takes without fuss, almost without moving, unless to catch a rising ball.

The best stumpers stand right up to the wicket even against fast bowling, for such a man is not likely to go out of his ground and be stumped.

This is not mere bravado, but because it is so much easier to catch a man close than standing back.

The reverse may seem to be the case, but the explanation is that when a batsman touches the ball with the edge of his bat it flies off at an angle, and the further this travels behind the wicket, the wider will it go to one side of the wicket.

Standing back, therefore, the stumper will have to spring to one side or the other to reach a catch that, had he been close up to the wicket, would have come almost straight into his hands.

In taking the ball, the wicket-keeper's hands should "give," but not too much. Against slow bowling they should scarcely move at all, for the fraction of a second lost in getting them forward again may make all the difference between stumping and just failing to stump a man.

On the other hand, one of the most serious faults that a wicket-keeper can be guilty of is snatching or grabbing at the ball. The ball must come to his hands, not his hands to it.

If he shoves his hands forward to meet the ball, it will probably jump out of them, and if he may close his hands a fraction of a second too soon and get a nasty rap on the knuckles or fingers.

Wicket-keepers are apt to worry unnecessarily about the giving away of byes. As a rule, a bye is the fault of the bowler and not of the wicket-keeper.

In any case, the wicket-keeper should remember that his first duty is not to save byes but to get men out, by catching, stumping or running them out.

This should always be borne in mind.

In regard to running out, the wicket-keeper should, of course, always stand on the side of the wicket away from the man who is receiving the ball.

For most cases of "out" the wicket-keeper is in the best position to judge, and therefore, he should avoid unnecessary appeals.

It is bad form to try to flurry the batsman by knocking off the bails when the ball is well within his ground, and aimless appealing is more likely to prejudice the umpire against you, and to make him give the batsman the very large benefit of the doubt that he gives if it is a "close thing," than to bluff him into giving a wrong decision.

GEO. DUCROW.

MAN'S ENTANGLEMENTS.

ACT AND FIRMNESS THAT PREVENT DISASTER.

ome of a man's entanglements may be the ome of his strength, but a big percentage nate from his weaknesses.

etting into an entanglement is like enter- a maze, as simple as A B C. Getting out , however, is a different matter. The more tries, the worse the tangle becomes.

en, for the most part, begin life with a d, quite free from knots, but they are long in getting the thread a bit twisted, then knots are not far off.

young man's debts make pretty big knots, he gets over that and everything is ghtened out again, when Fate comes along o'erthrows him with a girl.

robably he takes the only way out of it by church door. If not, he gets out of one nglement by falling into another.

ut there are other tangles which a man es in weak moments. He will back a bill a pal, or go bail for an acquaintance. Then e is the inability to say "no" to the one k too many.

an as a rule learns wisdom by rude cks, not by any precept. If he is going earn at all, it is by experience that he will so.

lason was doing well until he set up Hill usiness. Hill knew absolutely nothing of trade, and when he failed he pulled down on, too.

ones is a soft-hearted chap, and when th asks him to back a bill for him he does But out of that entanglement Smith slips an eel. It is Jones who sticks fast.

his sort of entanglement can be avoided just a little firmness and tact.

ext to a pretty girl, a racehorse will do t to entangle a man.

loney gets a man into many a fix which no unt of money can get him out of.

here was Potter, a simple, clean-minded when he came to London, and then he into a nice entanglement. He fell among ot thieves, a pretty good imitation of them. Turf and the gaming-tables proved too h for him, and he played fast and loose his employer's cash.

a rule, the men who get into entangle- are fine generous fellows; it is the sheer inance of the animal spirit that makes get into the toils.

was Parsons. Women lured him into he dangerous mazes that he ever set his in; and it was love of a woman that lly helped Parsons to an eminence to h otherwise he might never have attained. hen there was Pickett. Wine was the cause the coil into which he got—"wine that th, glad the heart of man." It made t so glad that he did things under its in- ce that led him perilously near to a home nebriates.

ith some men the entanglement takes the of controversy. It may be religious, poli- , literary, or scientific, but it is wonderful e the maze they get into.

t perhaps the most futile and the most mon of all the tangles which a man can e is the one that begins by meeting trouble -way.

lost of these troubles are, or turn out to e been, quite imaginary, existing only in too sensitive and apprehensive mind of the himself. A man weaves these for him- they do not come upon him, like a thief , from outside.

for this reason they are often the most ng and bewildering.

one need bother about a knot which is et tied, and never may be.

Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles ", and the chances are you'll miss most of 's entanglements. CHARLES WATSON.

THE TIME BETWEEN.

"You'll always be true to me, Jack?" said she.

"I will," he replied. "I'll be true to you from the 11th of June till the 14th of July, and from the 1st of September till Doomsday. Between these times I'll be with my ship in the Mediterranean."

RESOURCE.

It was a splendid night and the cabbies looked just about as gloomy as they felt.

But the old grey-whiskered chap at the back end of the rank knew a bit.

He borrowed a bucket, filled it with water, splashed it over the pavement in front of the club, and when the time arrived for the members to depart he hoisted a venerable umbrella.

Does anybody know why the cabbies thereabout did a roaring trade that night?

ANOTHER ARMY GRIEVANCE.

This notice was issued to the 4th Battalion of the Rifle Brigade:

TO ALL SUBALTERN OFFICERS.
4TH BATTALION RIFLE BRIGADE.

During the Summer Season the Orderly Officer may wear Trousers.

The mother of the youngest subaltern, hearing of this, wrote:

"My Dearest Boy,—I always thought the Army was a hard life, but I had no idea it was so bad as this. How you must have suffered during the spring and winter!"

ASK LLOYD GEORGE?

"Love me and the world is mine," he said.

"I would," she said, "but it wouldn't be fair to you. If the world was yours, how could you ever raise enough money to pay the land tax on it?"

And he gave it up.

PROBABLY WORSE.

The diner thrust the tip of his knife into the yellow disc which the waiter had brought him.

He held it up to the light and examined it, while the waiter stood by anxiously.

Then the diner resolutely returned the yellow disc to his plate, and scraped some of it upon his bread.

"I take thee," he said, "for butter or worse."

YOUR DOG'S HEALTH.

DETECTION AND CURE OF CANINE DISEASES.

Eczema in dogs is an inflammation of the skin, accompanied by redness and pimples. It often ends in the skin becoming dry and scurfy.

It may take hold of any part of the body, and is generally caused by improper feeding, insufficient exercise, and poverty of blood. Worms also may be the real cause.

An eminent veterinary authority tells us that eczema is often confused with mange, and is designated as red mange, but they are two distinct ailments, one being a blood and the other a parasitical disease.

For an outward dressing get a "bottle" from the nearest veterinary surgeon. In the early stages aperients are always necessary, sulphate of magnesia or Epsom salts being as good as anything. The doses of Epsom salts should be fixed according to the size of the dog, given in warm water, and repeated once or twice a week.

It is best frequently to examine your dog's coat and skin, especially about the legs, to see if there are any little outbreaks.

Anæmia is frequently met with in the canine race, though not so frequently as other diseases. Dogs which are constantly kept in dark places, deprived of all exercise, or are only moderately well fed, will generally be found to be anæmic, and if the lips, gums, and inner eyelids are examined, there will be found to be quite a noticeable bloodlessness of the tissues.

Tonics, good feeding, plenty of milk, and as much exercise as the patient feels disposed to take, are the simple rules for treating this complaint.

Deafness is often found in white dogs; and in these cases it is generally congenital and incurable. It is of frequent occurrence in dogs, especially old ones, as the result of an accumulation of wax in the ears.

This condition may be cured by pouring a few drops of glycerine into the ears, night and morning, for a couple of days, and then syringing them thoroughly with a little warm soda-water. A piece of soda the size of a Barcelona nut should be dissolved in half a pint of warm water. JAMES MEDWAY.

MOLASSINE
DOG & PUPPY CAKES
Hound and Terrier Meal

are composed of the purest ingredients only. Owing to the antiseptic properties of the foods of which they are compounded they aid digestion, keep dogs' skins and coats in good condition, eradicate internal worms and parasites, and prevent unpleasant odours.

Have you had your MOLASSINE DOG CAKE?

MOLASSINE POULTRY MEAL
makes hens lay eggs in abundance.

Sold by Grocers, Corn Merchants, and
THE MOLASSINE CO., Ltd.,
2, Tunnel Avenue, Greenwich, S.E.

KEEP ALL DOGS HEALTHY.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

PACING.

It is a fairly common sight, even in the streets of London, to see a young athlete in running shorts and scanty attire jogging steadily along among the traffic with a friend mounted on a cycle by his side.

It may be that the runner is training for some race or other, or very possibly he is just enjoying his favourite recreation and making the best of his situation and surroundings.

Often it is not possible to get a man to join you on foot when several may be willing to accompany you on a cycle.

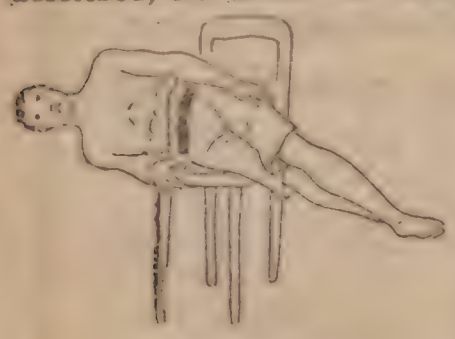
So far from refusing their offers, you should jump at them, for a mounted companion is just as good company as one on foot, while he can draw you out in the matter of pace almost unknown to yourself.

A fellow-runner, it is true, gives you the incentive of rivalry, but the two of you are very apt to settle down into a steady jog-trot which is, no doubt, good exercise, but does not provide such good training as occasionally to open out into a sprint.

TO STRENGTHEN SIDE MUSCLES.

The exercise illustrated and described in the last issue, in which all that is necessary in the way of equipment is a strong chair, should be varied in the way now to be described, and indeed in any other ways that suggest themselves to the athlete, if the full benefit of the exercise is to be derived.

The first method should be that already described, in which the athlete practises on his back.



Grip the chair firmly.

A development of the idea is shown in the illustration. Lie upon the chair seat, on either side of the body, grasping the front rim of the seat with that hand which is on the under-side for the moment.

When firmly thrown across the chair it should be the aim of the exerciser to raise the body from the horizontal position by sheer muscular tension and co-operation and without any swing. The firmer the hand grips the chair rim the easier will this be performed.

While in the horizontal position some part of the time should be devoted to raising and lowering, under complete control, each leg, and both legs together.

By working at this rather awkward exercise the side walls of the trunk will be enormously strengthened.

But see that the body is on its side, and not more than half on the back. The thigh bone must be the pivot if the side muscles are to be exercised.

Do not let the legs dangle loosely, but keep them extended but not too rigid.

WARNING TO TOWN WORKERS.

An impression is apt to spread to the effect that physical culture, especially for the townsman, is intended to supersede the need for fresh air, normal natural exercise out of doors, and plentiful wholesome food.

The very contrary is the case. Indeed, it may almost be affirmed that the man who takes no care of his body and who works in a city and has little regular healthy exercise, may be quite as fit, in one way, as the man who is living under the same conditions, who goes in for regular and exacting physical culture.

The body that is carefully drilled and cultivated demands a greater supply of clean air, good food, and constant occupation, than the body that is only perhaps half alive.

If, therefore, a city worker goes in heartily for physical culture and at the same time neglects to help his nerves and muscles to thrive on it, he is qualifying for a complete breakdown, and will reach it sooner than the flabby, inactive fellow who cares nothing for these things.

For the culturist will be forcing an enormously greater amount of work out of his body, while at the same time he does not feed his body and help it to support the strain. He is doing a foolish thing.

Physical culture is not a sort of elixir of life. It is an aid to fitness, and fitness demands careful nursing.

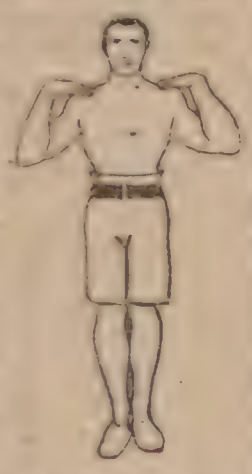
WITHOUT DUMB-BELLS.

By this time it is probably commonly recognised that weights such as dumb-bells are not necessary in order to make ordinary exercises useful.

When the body is braced for exercises, these can be performed with the hands empty, and either open or with clenched fists.

To carry through a series of exercises with the hands extended gives a cleaner thrusting, or a smarter lungeing, power than when the fists are clenched.

In this exercise the arms, hands, and fingers should be kept stretched to their utmost limits. By carrying out this preliminary instruction the limbs are much more likely to benefit by the practices suggested, and the entire arm is brought under more complete control.



A good stretching exercise.

Take up an easy position; the heels not necessarily touching. This is an important matter, as the full benefit of any exercise can never be obtained so long as the stance is not perfectly easy and natural.

Let the hands hang at the sides rather tensed and outstretched. Then, giving each joint, from fingers to shoulders, its full work, bring the tips of the fingers up to the shoulders. Let the arms go to the sides again, unrolling the joints, as it were, down each side of the body.

Repeat the upward and downward movements several times.

Then, when the arms have been stretched, raise the hands smartly above the head. Reach up to the highest point possible, and let them fall outward to the sides of the shoulders.

The expansion which this exercise gives to the chest will be readily appreciated.

Immense breaths can be drawn into the lungs at every raising of the arms. The chest, shoulders, and arms gain tremendously in the feeling of fitness and bell-like robustness.

Work each arm alone at times, but carry out most of the exercises with the arms working together.

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It keeps the athlete in condition (in spite of other "bad training" ways), and is almost a athletic training in itself.

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Again Captain Saunders is the designer.

This newer suit is a distinct improvement on the last.

The outside breast pockets, which many readers felt were too sporty for city wear, have been eliminated, but the chief features of the original suit (modified by the dictates of summer fashion) remain.

The coat is cut, like a tunic, to show the waist. It has a slit at the back for those who go in for riding.

The trousers are finished with a permanent turn-up, as the present fashion demands.

The Price is 45/-

This dressy, gentlemanly Suit is made of a special Blue Serge, indigo dye, which is unaffected by sun and sea air.

That the suit will fit is absolutely guaranteed by the tailors, no matter whether you are a London reader who can call to try it on when half-finished, or a provincial reader who cannot do so.

If the suit is not to your liking, your money will be returned in full, without argument or discussion.

The price, owing to the arrangements we have made, is only 45s.

Every Londoner should make a point of calling. Patterns & Self-measurement Form forwarded free.

J. & H. ELLIS,

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(Close to Ludgate Circus),

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DATE .....

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

THE LAST OUNCE.

Your business may be—
[illegible]. Business hours
[illegible], but you are not
[illegible]; you have not
[illegible] yet, and the
[illegible] of another hour's
[illegible] the wrong end of
[illegible] almost fills your
[illegible] with a weariness that
[illegible] to overcome. You
[illegible] the last ounce
[illegible].

[illegible] are you going to
[illegible] Whisky and soda will
[illegible] you through.
[illegible] so matter of-
[illegible] a drink is going
[illegible] you at such a
[illegible] as this.

[illegible], a far deeper,
[illegible] powerful force, that
[illegible] can keep you driv-
[illegible]. And this is Romance.

[illegible] often said by business men that in
[illegible] there is no room for romance, senti-
[illegible] chivalry; that it is useless and foolish
[illegible] matter business for the sake of making it
[illegible] for other people to earn their profits.
There is truth in all this, up to a certain
[illegible], and concerning one aspect of business
[illegible]. But the very men who in business are
[illegible] businesslike are also among those to
[illegible] Romance means very much more, on
[illegible] occasions of stress, than the thoughts of profit.
[illegible] not care where a man works. It may
[illegible] office or underground den, office or
[illegible], but wherever it is he will over and
[illegible] again feel the strange emotion of
[illegible] romance moving him to greater effort, sus-
[illegible]ing him when he is physically dead beat,
[illegible] giving him, even in the sternest and
[illegible] period of his business life, a very
[illegible] and enjoyment in it all.

[illegible] one of the most moving experiences of this
[illegible] that a man can undergo is to enter a
[illegible] printing house at a time when the paper
[illegible] about to be born.

[illegible] very air is tense with the expecta-
[illegible] of it all. Every wall, every staircase,
[illegible]ery room, vibrates in sympathy with the
[illegible] machines down in the depths. These
[illegible] getting into their swing, sending a quiver
[illegible] response through the building, and filling
[illegible] air with a delicious hum.

[illegible] outside the building in the street at night,
[illegible] day workers have gone home, and a
[illegible]ught of them all sleeping comfortably gives
[illegible] a pride in the fact that his work
[illegible] such strange hours.

[illegible] of the machinery grows louder.
[illegible] wheels, and masses of paper revolve
[illegible] grows higher, and looking through a
[illegible]dow, stripped workmen can be seen,
[illegible] words into each other's ears above
[illegible]ined din.

[illegible] very regularity and steadiness of the
[illegible] is a tonic, a stimulant, a mystery, a
[illegible]ance; and hearing it a jaded man takes
[illegible], joins in the struggle with an appetite,
[illegible] uses up his strength with willingness.
[illegible]omance dwells in every business house.
[illegible] clerk in a tiny office, writing figures in
[illegible]ook, may be a link with half the countries
[illegible] the world.

[illegible] are all linked up by an endless chain
[illegible]cumstance, coincidence, or what not; so
[illegible] the man rounding up cattle on the
[illegible] American plains is nearer than he thinks
[illegible] figuring in a ledger.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

THE RUBBER SET-BACK.

There has been a set-back in rubbers, and though it may be quite a temporary fall it is sufficient—to me, at any rate—to show that the boom period has passed. Certainly the pace will slow down considerably now.

It is interesting to note also—just as I anticipated a short time ago—that American and Canadian Rails are again claiming attention now that the rubber-share craze has mitigated.

Incidentally, Canadas which, at times, are mistakenly classed among Americans, are going up strongly.

SPECIAL SETTLEMENT.

A correspondent in a daily paper, commenting on the decision of the Stock Exchange Committee to appoint a special settlement in Christineville shares, says:

"*I have no doubt that the investing public will read the moral contained in the tentative decision of the Stock Exchange Committee to grant a settlement in Christineville Rubber Estates.*

"*They will no doubt see the advisability in future of selling their shares in any company, of whose prospects they are not absolutely certain, in the market at a premium, assured that whatever the nature of the company a special settlement will be granted.*"

The correspondent in question, however, is under some misapprehension as to the duties of the committee concerning special settlement. All the committee have to do is to ensure that there is a company, that the names of the directors, the particulars of the properties and the circumstances of the issue are as stated in the prospectus.

BRITISH INVESTORS' ALLIANCE AND GENERAL TRUST, LTD.—J. S. (Rutherglen).—The information you give me is quite inadequate for me to express an opinion on. To characterise the transaction as a safety deal, stating at the same time that the invested sum could be returned plus 15 per cent. interest within three months, is sufficient indication for me that it is not an investment, but a highly speculative deal, as 15 per cent. interest for three months means 60 per cent. interest per annum. It is very unsatisfactory also that you should have written them twice without reply. I advise you to write to them again, and if you get no reply and choose to send me full information, I will give you my advice as to how to proceed.

BROKERS.—P. S. (Gillingham).—You do not say whether you wish to buy shares for investment or speculation. You may deal with a Member of the Stock Exchange, or you may deal with an outside broker. I send you, however, the name of a Member of the Stock Exchange and a firm of Stock and Share Dealers. You will be quite safe in doing business with either of these people.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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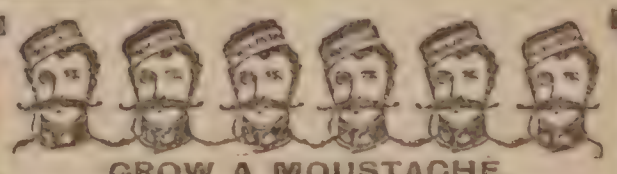

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The Last Post

By R. D. CROMBIE.

I seemed to be unable to get away from those two young people that day. They were among the little knot of people waiting to board the electric car which runs between the carpet manufacturing town of Flaxminster and the sleepy old township of Bewdle-on-the-Severn.

I noticed them—though at first my interest was only perfunctory—because the girl was so well-dressed and the man so shabby. The style of her white serge dress was obviously of that simplicity which is expensive, and her hat was a picture. The face, too, was arresting; the mouth firm and sweet, a healthy brown in the cheeks, but with a strangely miserable expression in the eyes. The man's blue suit was ill-fitting and shiny at the elbows as though from work at a desk, and the heels of his boots were down-trodden. He was very pale and thin, and there was the same strain in his eyes as in those of the girl.

They stood close together, neither speaking, but his gaze was rivetted on her face all the time.

It was a warm afternoon in spring, and I was bound for Darley, a village on the river two or three miles above Bewdle, where I hoped to renew acquaintance with friends I had known in my boyhood, and since seen only on intermittent occasions such as this.

The two young people occupied the seat in front of me on the top of the car. Now and then they exchanged remarks, but for the most part they were silent.

They descended at the terminus, and I lost sight of them. My original intention was to walk along the river bank to Darley, but a sudden gathering of heavy clouds threatened rain, and I decided to travel by train. Reaching the platform of the station just as the train was on the move I jumped into the first carriage, and there—in the far corner—were my young people.

The man looked at me with open resentment and the girl glanced my way for a swift moment. Had there been time, I should have changed carriages. As it was, I sat as far from them as I could, and hid myself behind a paper.

Presently curiosity conquered me. They were conversing in low tones and once or twice a remark reached my ear.

"Didn't they suspect?" he said.

"I don't know," she answered. "I didn't wait to see. I got up early, put on my things, and just marched out of the house."

"They'll wonder where you are."

"Very likely. But they'll never guess."

"They'd rave if they knew."

"I expect so."

A silence.

"I shouldn't have asked you to come," he said, and checked a sigh half-way. ". . . but I had to. It was like——"

"I know," she said.

"All the way in the train," he went on, "there was a silent pulsating voice in my soul, and it said, 'I shall see her to-day, I shall see her to-day.' . . . . Did you feel like that?"

"I felt just as though we hadn't parted at all."

Then he said in a changed tone, "Victor! Is it fair to him?"

"He guessed."

"Guessed!"

"Yes, it was funny. He was at our place last night. He generally is. . . . I suppose I was different. He said so. He asked if I ever heard from you. He's always sure I hadn't forgotten you. I asked him why he asked. He said, 'Then you have!' I told him I hadn't."

"You told a lie?"

"Yes."

And somehow I thought lying was not easy to her.

"He wanted to know if I ever wished to see you."

"And you said?"

"I said, if I did I should just come; that's all."

"And you've come."

"Yes, I've come."

I casually glanced at them. His right hand on the seat beside him had a tight grip of her left.

". . . Burned your boats," he said, with a short laugh through his teeth. "So have I. I said nothing at the office about not being there to-day. I shall never go back again."

A silence.

"And you!" he asked.

She did not answer at once, and I could not resist lowering my paper again. She was staring straight ahead, and he was bent towards her, tense and waiting. I am certain both were unconscious of my presence.

"No, I sha'n't go back," she said, deliberately.

He snatched her hand to his lips, and simultaneously I turned my head and gazed unconcernedly out of the window.

We were passing over the viaduct. In a few minutes we should be at Darley.

Her next audible remark was a commonplace.

"The clouds are clearing off," she said. "There won't be a storm after all."

"No," said he. ". . . just peace and the blue sky."

We were the only passengers to disentrain at Darley. They lingered behind as I descended the winding stony path to the ferry, but they were standing and waiting with me when Billy poled the boat across.

Billy greeted me with no more surprise than if I had seen him an hour ago instead of a year. It was evident also that he knew my companions, for the girl said:

"Here again, Billy."

"Folks gen'ally come agen," observed Billy, pleased.

I strolled up the hill to the left and into "The Stag," there to find Tom Yardley occupying his armchair in the corner precisely as he had been, as it seemed, all the years of my recollection.

When I went out on the lawn a little later on to have tea—though it was barely past four o'clock—my two young friends had a small table to themselves a yard or two away. The girl had obtained pen and ink and paper and was writing.

She finished a letter, and handed it to him to read. He appeared to go through it very carefully, and then handed it back with a nod.

She began another letter, and this one apparently caused her trouble, for twice she tore up what she had written, and several times she remained thoughtful, her hand supporting her brow. I observed, too, that she did not appeal to him for advice, but he watched her silently throughout, his face set.

Mrs. Yardley had meanwhile brought me my tea and was gossiping about old times; but I fear she only had my attention. I was becoming more and more interested in the young people. It was clear to me that I had stumbled on a romance. Even from the little I had overheard I could construct their situation. It was a variation of the old theme of the heiress and the pauper, plus the other man, the eligible, not chosen by and having the approval of her father.

I had no doubt she was writing to him, saying that she had gone away with the one she loved. But still it was strange that they should come to this out of the way country to make their decision.

The girl ended her second letter and put it in the envelope without showing him what she had written. Then she said something, and he twisted right round in his chair, staring in the opposite direction. She drew a ring from her finger, slipped it inside, and sealed the envelope. They both stood up.

"Aren't they having tea?" I asked Mrs. Yardley, seeing them approach the gate leading to the village street.

"No; they said they'd bide a bit and then come back later."

"Do you know them?"

"Ay, she were here last year with a young man in mind," added Mrs. Yardley significantly. "They were a different young man that time. They were from the Grenville, over t'other side the river. Fine swells they seemed—come from Malvern, I believe. Don't know as I ever heard their name. Can't say whether he's bin here afore: we have had many. I disremember, though, her young man last year—t'other one—only stayed a week, and all the time she used to pull up-stream in a skiff on her own. Perhaps she were seein' him then——"

In the manufacturing of a romance out of these materials Mrs. Yardley was putting me to shame. I excused myself and wended my way to the village office to buy and dispatch some picture postcards. My two young friends were not in sight.

Having written my cards, I was standing in the doorway looking through the addresses when I saw them approaching. I stepped aside to allow the young man to enter. The girl remained at his side.

"Two penny stamps," I heard him say.

His face was deathly pale—and the expression! Oh pity! the expression! It was that of a defiant soul facing a terrible God. Anguish and misery in the eyes of the girl cut into my heart like a knife.

He hesitated before the letter-box.

"What time does the last post go?" she asked in almost a whisper.

"I don't know," he said.

"Go and ask."

I heard him ask—and the answer.

"Six o'clock."

"Is that the last?"

"Yes."

He came out and told her.

"What time is it now?"

"Ten minutes to five."

"We could come back, couldn't we?" Her under-lip quivered slightly as she said it.

He took a deep breath of relief at the reprieve.

"Yes," he said.

I stepped forward to post my cards.

Suddenly, all oblivious of me, she cried out.

Her faced flushed with a splendid spirit as she took the letters from him. He did not move, but he seemed to grow rigid. She dropped the letters in the box. Then she turned to him.

"Come!" she said.

And there was a lambent glory in her eyes.

* * * * * *

But when I read in the paper a few days later that the bodies of a young man and woman—the woman in a white serge dress—had been found out of the Severn at Folly Ford—I understood.

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WHEN I LIE LATE.

NDAY MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.

ly once a week is this luxury possible. On ays out of every seven it is out of the area of etical politics," so to say, but the enjoyment I rom it on the seventh amply repays me for aiting.

is not a very soul-destroying indulgence, and d I can well understand many men failing to ny luxury in it at all.

is not so much a physical luxury as a luxury e mind. Impressions playing upon the s—sight, hearing, smell—all contribute to ull enjoyment of this luxury of mine, but they nly a part. Perhaps the largest part of the y is the sense of contrast that makes it so rable.

is, then, is the nature of my indulgence. It ly on Saturday afternoon that I can throw at in the air and declare that I am no man's nt or slave, captain of my soul, monarch of urvey, and king of the castle.

eave London behind me and march, or rather carried, through one or another of those ls of hope—the railway termini—to other es. Most often it is to the south that I turn yes.

ke the Psalmist, I "lift up mine eyes unto the " and my spirits rise as the outline of the comes into view, at first hazy and broken, continuous and blue, then shapely and green, lastly take on the familiar forms, the risings fallings, the beacons and combes, that a close ledge and a closer affection have imprinted y mind's eye, and on the tablets of memory.

t Saturday soon runs out, and I have hardly off the chains of town before the night is me and bed is the only thing left. Still, a round to make sure that the old place is as is pleasant in the evening, though it be as hill and dark.

t sleep at once opens the door to the luxury h has set me writing. No sooner am I p than the hours have passed and it is ing.

en the luxury begins. I have no need to fix y mind overnight that to-morrow is such-and- morning, and that this or that must be done. , I wake without any prepossessions of that and though in the moments between sleeping wakefulness there is a sort of reminiscence of r mornings when the pull of duty is upon me, is dissipated by the time I am really roused.

magical change has come over the place, and and luxuriate in the strange attractiveness verything. Day breaks silently, save for a ing cock, answering at intervals another the fields. No milkman, or newspaper boy, bling cart, shouts or shakes the perfect ade.

e air comes in at the window clear and laden all the essences of all the growing things. above all, the stillness is marvellous. The is in no desperate hurry to be up and doing morning.

he only business that is going forward is the ing of the poultry over in the yard. his I know is going forward by the occasional ish" as a handful of grain falls upon the and, and there is a fluttering and cackling ng the birds to get first choice. Then a step eats to the outhouse and the lid of a roomy falls with a not unmusical bang. And only a king goes on as the fowls feed.

long intervals of stillness, of a perfection that never be set down on paper, fill up the spaces ween these homely and attractive sounds. And e while I lie and revel in the silent morning, awake, yet unwilling to move while this spell

h refreshment is only possible one day in , and then only in the country house. The parative quiet of a London Sunday morning is ad and uninspiring thing beside this.

C. EASTON GREY.

HOW TO GET RID OF WEEDS.

The number of lawns in this country that can be considered anywhere near perfect could almost be counted upon the fingers of one hand, and there is always some work to be done towards the improving of the grass plot, however large or small it is.

The ridding of the lawn of weeds is one of the undertakings which should be occupying the gardener just now. It is quite useless to attempt to clear it of such tenacious weeds as dandelions, daisies, and plantains by pulling them up with the fingers alone.

There are two alternatives. One is to dig them out by means of a "daisy-fork" or some sharp pointed instrument, and the other is to poison them. Either method leaves unsightly patches in the lawn, but these are speedily covered with grass; and, provided that the roots of the weeds have been removed, there will be no danger of their appearing again.

* * * * * * *

The "daisy-fork" is a simple contrivance with two prongs and a "kink" just behind them which gives a leverage by means of which the plant is easily uprooted wholesale.

To poison a plant you should arm yourself with a good long skewer or knife and dig this into the heart of the weed, right down through the root, and then drop a spot of strong carbolic acid into the hole from a feather or stick.

If the weeds have got a hold on the lawn, they should have been disposed of earlier in the year, so that the bare patches could have been covered with fresh grass seed, but casual weeding can be done profitably at any time.

* * * * * * *

Lawn-sand provides an excellent and less troublesome method of cleaning up a lawn. It has the effect of reducing the smaller weeds, and aiding the growth of the better grasses. Several months' application of it will eventually clear out all the plantains and daisies.

Lawn-sand can be made at home by simply mixing sulphate of ammonia with dry sand or burnt and sifted soil, using about half a pound of sulphate of ammonia for every sixteen square yards of lawn.

* * * * * * *

A weedy path can be cured by a plentiful sprinkling of common salt or washing soda diluted in the proportion of one pound to two gallons of water. The salt or soda, however, must be carefully kept clear of all plants that are not weeds, being not so discriminating as lawn sand.

An ounce of sulphuric acid in a gallon of water, applied with a watering-can, will also do the trick, but the acid must not be allowed to get on the clothes or person.

* * * * * * *

The hoe is the most suitable implement for clearing beds, especially vegetable beds.

A long-rooted weed, such as a dock, may be eradicated by inserting a spade and cutting the root at some depth below the surface.

C. B. STAINER.

THE SIGN OF THE SPORTSMAN.

The mention of the word sportsman is apt to invoke in our minds the picture of a bronzed man with a gun under his arm striding over the stubble in heavy shooting boots, or of a strong rider rejoicing in the call made on his physical vigour by a mettlesome horse.

But though this is fairly natural, it still shows that we do not grasp the true inward meaning of the word sportsman. There is many a man living in a crowded city whose work, or perhaps physical condition, prevents him from taking active part in sport, but who is just as much a sportsman as if the world of outdoor athletics rang with his exploits. The spirit of sportsmanship is within him. He *is* a sportsman—for the reason that he would do big things an he could.

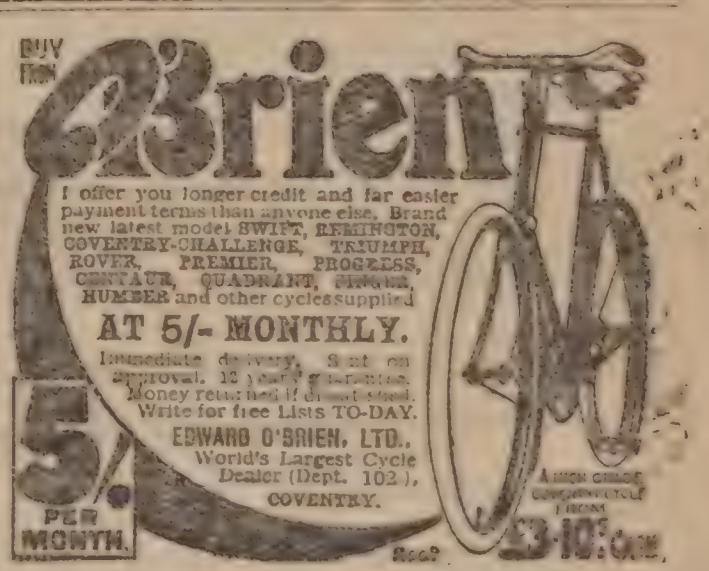
Have you ever seen a man watching another racing to catch a 'bus? Have you seen him turn and strain his eyes, and then, when the other has caught the 'bus, marked a look on the watcher's face that seemed to say "Good man! He ran d—— well!"? That man is a sportsman in the real sense of the word.

He reads of other people's sporting exploits with the keenest interest and without the faintest tinge of jealousy. Being a sportsman, he could not be jealous if he tried. Other men, more luckily circumstanced, are only doing those sporting things he would do himself if he were them.

He can find sport in everything, even in the most trivial everyday affairs of life. He may not be the better man for it, but at least he is the happier.

METHODS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

Georges Hackenschmidt, the world's most famous wrestler, and Arthur Saxon, the strongest man on earth, both say plainly that the best method of training, if huge strength and development is desired, is by gradual progressive movements with a special bar-bell, of gradually increasing weight. They further claim that the reason other strong men have put on the market patent developers, and asserted that such developers are the proper way to train for strength, is because there is more money in developers than in weights. It has been left to Mr. Thomas Inch, the well-known Physical Culture expert and ex-middle-weight weight-lifting champion of the world, to so perfect a method of home-training, called "Advanced Training," that there is absolutely no danger of strain, and no monotony. For perfect muscular development and increased strength there is no method known which can possibly come up to Mr. Inch's special weight-lifting course. Mr. Inch has over 30,000 pupils, many of them world's record holders, and to such a point has he brought his system that every pupil is enrolled under guarantee. Any person desiring further information and to know Mr. Inch's terms is strongly urged to write at once to: Mr. Thomas Inch, Dept. M.M., The Broadway, Fulham, London, S.W., for his booklet, "A QUICK ROUTE TO STRENGTH," which will be sent gratis and post paid by return mail. This book is most interesting, and fully illustrated.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THE MAN FROM THE POODLE-CLIPPER'S

A SKETCH.

By GEORGE EDGAR.

The poodle clipper is by way of being a vet. and he is really a dog doctor. Specialising on the dog, near fashionable London, he has degenerated into the daily habit of clipping poodles, for of such work is the dog doctor's routine made in these parts.

The man from the poodle clipper's is James, but no one calls him James. He is, in point of fact, known as the man from the poodle clipper's.

Now I know James. Daily he walks dogs for the poodle clipper just about the time I walk mine. He has a great admiration for my dog which may be due to my propitiation, as a tribute to fancied authority. I think, second-handed, he has an admiration for me, as the propitiator.

James is somewhat of a character. By taste and temperament he would be a sheer waster, only he eats beer as a daily habit. And the habit costs money. He obtains sufficient money for the purpose in two ways, by walking dogs for the poodle clipper, and by stating his admiration for my fox-terrier. The occupations suit his attitude to life, which is distinctly indulgent, with a debased sporting inclination.

For the rest, he is a round, hefty man, with thick lips, a thick jaw, and, generally speaking, a thick head. The sound of his voice is also thick. Indeed, I think he is a bit thick all over.

I met him the other day with a black eye. We were walking dogs in the evening. I fancy the man from the poodle clipper's came to the conclusion that his appearance demanded explanation.

"Heard about me?" he asked, in his thick voice.

"No, James," I answered, "at least, I have not specially heard about you."

"I got trouble," he volunteered.

"Meaning the eye?" I suggested.

"Yus—meaning the eye. I got a prop on it the night before last."

I explained that I could not see the prop but that the eye did not look as if it needed support. In point of fact it seemed to me to be wobbling over, it was jutting out so much.

"No need to be funny about a bloke what's had trouble," he suggested, pouting his thick lips.

"No offence," I volunteered. "But what is the latest error?"

"I copped this prop in the eye by fighting—dooks up."

"Woman?" I asked.

"No, I'm not the sort of bloke what interferes with another man and his Judy. No, a strictly respeck-ble black eye, if I may say so. It came about in the 'Crown and Cushion' night before last, along of a sailor man. He had got fresh, had the sailor man, consequent of being paid off, and he looked as if he had money."

"Had he?" I asked.

"No; that's where I got trouble. There was him and me and about a dozen others. Mind you I wasn't in their company. I'd just dropped in to have a bite—two of the old dog's-nose—and I wasn't saying a word to nob'dy. Fact is I was feeling blue, consequence of having no money. It's a lonesome feeling when you're on the first bite, so to speak. And the sailor, being paid off, was swanking."

"Swanking?" I queried.

"Yus; talking round his hat and half way down his neck. He said he would fight anybody in the room."

"A generous offer," I suggested.

"Yus, it didn't seem much good to me, as I'm not one of your blokes who is always fighting for the fun of it, and I just stood staring at the bottom of my empty pot, wondering how and when I should be able to fill it. And then the swanky sailor said he would fight anybody in the room for five bob, half of half a bar, a crown, a jolly cartwheel, a five bob bunch of silver. 'Strewth' I thought, and I tightened in my belt; that's generous. Why, I'd a knocked his head off for a couple of dirty bobs. I ups and tells him he was a cross-eyed son of a sea cook and couldn't handle his fives any better than a rice-eating Chinese coolie. And I also told him if he really wanted to fight, I'd have the pleasure of knocking his face in there and then for the five bob if he didn't run away. That narked the sailor."

"What narked the sailor?"

"Me being free with the chin music. He told me the British sailor never ran away—he couldn't, having nowhere to go to; and he asked me, as a gentleman might, to step round the corner, which we did with the other gentlemen. It was a pretty fight and I done as I said—I punched his face off. I hit it so hard and so often, and he rubbed it on the asphalt pavement so much, that you couldn't hardly see any sailor, and the part he called his face looked like the joint we used to have on Sundays, when my ole father got home safe with his wages."

After taking breath he proceeded. "And when I'd laid him out and he'd come to, I asks him what about the five bob? He says, 'What about it; I ain't got no five bob.' And sir, 'strewth and true as mud, he hadn't got no five bob, and I'd fought him silly for nothing. Narked I felt, as mad as a sodger rattled by the picket half way through a sure drunk.

"What did you do?" I asked curiously.

"Stood him on his head to see if any money would run out of him and it didn't—only tuppence. But he come to with that."

"It probably restored his circulation," I suggested.

"When he come to I copped him one on his silly dial for making me fight for nothing and that made him mad. So we had the fight over again. Believe me, sir, that blue sailor saw red. I think turning him upside down made him sober. He dotted this eye—you can see that."

I nodded.

"He did it in the first two seconds and then he wiped up half the floor with me. I don't mind taking a licking, but he gave me more for five bob than I've ever got before. And when he put one on my point and sat on me head and hammered it, saving was a shoemaker knocking in nails, I I believe he'd have killed me, if we had on. And then ——"

"And then?" I prompted.

"Well, if I may die, the little wanted the five bob from me that he'd He said it was all one fight and he'd he wanted his money, and he turned me side down and rattled me to see if any would run out of my pockets—which was And just then the copper came along know the pig-nosed rozzer who nurses doctor's cook—and here I am, see."

"True, James," I suggested, "you are tainly there."

"I fought him once and won his good and plenty. Then I fought him because he hadn't it—both for nothing. to him on the second fight, consequence being sober; and now he says I owe him and he's coming round with a few more like him to collect it. And the pig-rozzer's got my name for breach."

We were nearing the "Crown and Cushion" In the white of the light-hanging we could see three men. They were and one was playing a mouth-organ and slowly.

He was playing a melody which connoisseurs of music may know. It belongs to a song title of which is "Love me and the World mine."

When James saw the sailors he looked a setter, pointing.

"You'll excuse me, sir," he said. here dog is a valuable lady's dog: it belongs the Countess Hustle. I wouldn't have it up with sailor men for money. Besides, fought one sailor twice for nothing, and at this eye—it's got a prop on it. If I the other two, they might black the second and give me a thick ear. I think dog what belongs to the Countess would better on the river-side—the air is healthier

James shuffled round the corner towards the river. When I passed by the "Crown and Cushion" with my dog which, I to say, likes low company, the sailor with mouth-organ, aided by his two colleagues the Navy, was trying to break the window of that hostelry, as he loudly and earnestly called for the "land-crab what walks dogs and owes me five bob."

If those sailors do not go to sea James is going to have an uneasy time.

"VENTILATING" PIPES.

How often will you see a man who has been serenely smoking for half an hour or more suddenly take his pipe from his mouth, utter an imprecation, "smothered" or other according to his nature, and begin swiping the unfortunate instrument violently up and down in order to get the nicotine out of the stem. This is one of the most comical sights bears of the habitual pipe-smoker.

But it would not occur so often if smokers more generally realised the importance of periodically "ventilating" their pipes.

A well-known tobacconist recently explained the principle to the writer. It consists simply of unscrewing the stem from the bowl after smoking, and suspending the latter, with the heavy end uppermost, in a rack or other receptacle. In this way the nicotine is allowed to work its way out towards the opening into which the stem is fixed.

But most men, when they have finished with a pipe put it carelessly in their pocket or on the mantelpiece, a proceeding which results in the nicotine working its way to the "join" of the stem, where it is, of course, arrested and coagulates. Then at the next smoke, it melts in a short while and finds its way to the smoker's mouth.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

MARTIN, of 82, Enmore Road, Sydney, N.S.W., on whose behalf we recently inserted a notice that he wanted to correspond with someone in England, desires us to say that owing to the number of letters he received he has been quite unable to answer them all, and he trusts his correspondents will not be offended.

G. (Scarborough).—We are always happy to receive literary contributions, but they must be original stuff. Many of our best contributors were unknown amateurs when we discovered them.

LIDDALL, Britannia Hotel, Scunthorpe, Lincs, protests against our article "Drinks," and informs us that in his establishment, anyhow, all the left in glasses and all tap drippings are poured into a sink in the stableyard and not returned to the brewers. We are glad to know, and we shall only take refreshment with him when next in the district.

L. (Manchester).—Have no trace of first letter. Write again, old fellow, and we will certainly do our best to satisfy you.

M. (Paisley).—Yours is a bad plan. Keep several pairs of boots in constant use. You will then have many comfortable pairs instead of one. Also the boots last longer.

A. (Littlehampton).—Try sitting up for a night or two. If it is a human marauder you will probably catch him. See that the pigeons are comfortable at home and try and make sure that they are all in at roosting time.

B. (Godalming).—A waste-paper basket is a remedy. Never leave any communications about. Tear them up, or file them, according to their value.

. (Oxford).—The punctuation is almost as important as the words you use. A comma misplaced, or omitted, or allowed to pass as a full-stop may alter the entire meaning of your letter, and in a court of law you would have to abide by what you wrote rather than by what you intended to write.

D. (Ryde).—The cat is entirely without any sense of comradeship. Get a dog, and note the difference.

. (Winchester).—Do not use decorated or coloured notepaper. It is effeminate. Find a good, standard make and stick to it. Envelopes, of course, must match.

B. (Dartford).—Pleased to read your account of the game. Your own part in the victory was better than you admit. Write again.

H. (Faversham).—Do not take your boots off in the middle of a long walk. The stream may be most inviting, but give your hands and face a refreshing swill instead.

A. (Hounslow).—You will find the Bath Road good and flat until you get some distance into Wiltshire, where the hills begin. You run through Savernake Forest at night by a line of gates across the road; these are sometimes shut.

. (Highgate).—Hope you will have a pleasant time. You have chosen a lovely district. Glad you are arranging to have THE MODERN MAN with you while away.

. (Esher).—Leave the ladybirds alone: they are very useful in keeping down blight on the rose and for other purposes.

C. (Weybridge).—It is always unwise to drink from the apparently purest stream. You never know what impurities may enter it a little further up. Besides, farms, cottages, and pubs are not far away.

D. (Croydon).—By keeping your razor in good condition, and by going over your face only once, you will avoid that red, scraped appearance often left by a very close shave.

E. (Harrow).—Many congratulations! A sportsman deserves a good wife.

. (Balham).—Cannot advise you to try redecorating your den by yourself, as you have no experience. A decorator's man would charge little if you provide the paper—and refresh-

H. B. (Burnley) is a Trooper in the Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry, and says the tents provided by the Y.M.C.A. at West Down Camp North, Devizes, were useful to him and some of his friends. Everyone to his own taste.

D. F. H. (Dilkusha, India).—You're quite right in supposing that when we criticise the Army our only desire is to improve the conditions under which our soldiers live. Our articles have done more in that way than outsiders would believe possible. Many thanks for your photo in the uniform of the 16th Bengal Lancers.

J. E. (Stoke Newington).—Give us permission to publish your full name and address, and we'll soon find a pal for you.

J. L. (Glasgow).—We don't answer medical queries. See a doctor.

F. M. H. (Bradford).—Go in for athletics and outdoor life, and you'll grow.

E. L. (Norwich).—You mustn't blame Mr. Mitchell's exercises; we never advised you to compete with your friend as to who could do one of them oftenest. The contest was injudicious.

T. HOGAN, 39, New Street, Kennington, S.E., invites League Members in his district to write to him if they want to join the Legion of Scouts. Owing to the support given to this movement by THE MODERN MAN, a division for South London has now been established, with headquarters near Vauxhall Station.

H. M. R. (Pontefract), is one of our few lady readers, and asks "Aren't you awfully young to be an Editor?" We don't know.

R. JEATER, 25, Round Hill Crescent, Brighton, wishes to hear from some other League Member who is travelling to Dublin on June 29th by the B. & I. S. P. Co.'s boat.

D. P. S. (Ashford), **W. B.** (Monkstown), **L. W. W.** (London), **G. M.** (Great Harwood), **D. J. M.** (Dundee), **E. H. T.** (Saltaire), **F. T.** (Harpurhey).—Cordial thanks.

CONSUMPTION.

A GUARANTEED CURE.

This may sound too good to be true, but it is a fact, and I will make a present of £10 to every patient I undertake to cure if I fail to do so. There is no catch or trickery about this offer. An absolute cure for the Great White Plague has been found and I—the discoverer—am offering it to those unfortunately afflicted.

If you have any symptoms of this terrible disease write to me at once, never mind if you cannot afford to pay me a single penny, for I am going to prove that my discovery is a positive cure for Consumption, no matter what it costs, and if you are too poor to pay me, all you have to do is to get your local doctor to watch the speedy recovery you will most probably make, and you get the treatment specially suitable for your case free of all charge. I am only doing this to convince the Medical Profession that the long-sought-for cure has been found.

I am an Englishman of English descent, though many years of my life have been spent in Africa, and whilst in a very remote part of this big Continent I came across—quite by accident—the clue which enabled me to give to the world one of Nature's most valuable secrets, that has and is still granting a new lease of life to so many sufferers.

Even if you wish to pay me I do not ask for any deposit or wish any payment whatever until you are perfectly satisfied you are being cured.

I do not sell or dispose of my treatment through chemists or stores, but supply it direct from my laboratory to the patient or the patient's medical adviser. Please note all letters and telegrams intended for me should be addressed:

Chas. H. Stevens, 204, Worple Road,
Wimbledon, London, S.W.

NEW 8-HOUR CURE FOR CATARRH,

NOSE-BREATHING DIFFICULTIES, ADENOIDS, HAY FEVER, ASTHMATIC, BRONCHIAL & CONSUMPTIVE TENDENCIES.

Send (or call) for this Helpful Gift Book by Patient and his Doctor, who Jointly Discovered a Remarkable 8-Hour Cure which Re-Opens Nasal Air-Passages and Banishes Catarrhal Conditions of Nose, Head, Ear, Throat, Tongue, Tonsils, Breath, and Bronchial Tubes, and Greatly Strengthens the Chest and Lungs.

No Operations—No Cauterising—No Sprays—New Cure Automatically Cures During Sleep.

IT is the hearty desire of the discoverers of the new cure that all who suffer from the above complaints should write or call for a gratis copy of the book they have just published under the title of "Respiratory Re-Education: The Physiological Cure for Catarrh, Hay-Fever, Nose-breathing Difficulties, Adenoids, Asthmatic, Bronchial, and Consumptive Tendencies.

The book contains many illustrations showing how the nasal air-passages are effected in catarrh, adenoids, and nose-breathing difficulties.

The book advocates in a most plain-spoken manner a truly common-sense method of cure of a class of complaint which has hitherto defied all other forms of treatment.

The cure is remarkable inasmuch as it calls for no sprays or injections — no powders to be snuffed—no operations—and no painful cauterising (burning) of the inflamed mucous membrane.

The new cure is further remarkable as it cures automatically during sleep. Every reader afflicted with Catarrh knows how this hitherto incurable complaint prevents proper breathing. The nose is unable to do its duty of filtering, moistening, and warming the air, and the *mouth* is called upon to do the work *as well as it can.*

As a result of this *extra* duty of the mouth, the breathing becomes inefficient and shallow, and frequent head and chest colds are "caught" because of the improper reception of the cold air. The nasal air-passages—by disuse—become more and more obstructed, causing Adenoids and Polypi, which in the past have generally had to be operated upon by the surgeon.

The falling back down the throat, or on to the back of the tongue, of the poisonous, evil-smelling, slimy mucous matter causes offensive breath and a bad taste in the mouth.

The hearing generally becomes affected, the head feels hot, and the eyes dry (with reactionary spells of acrid watery discharge from eyes and nose).

The senses of smell and taste become seriously impaired.

Even the mouth-breathing is handicapped by the accumulation of catarrhal matter in the bronchial tubes and lungs.

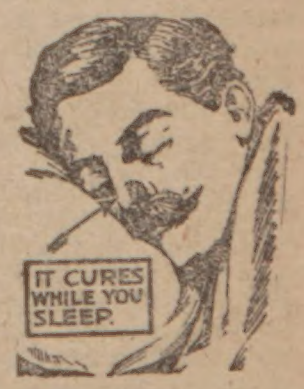
Further, the pent-up catarrhal slime often gets into the stomach and the liver and kidneys, seriously interfering with their functional ability, and frequently giving rise to catarrh of the stomach.

The joint authors of the discovery—as the result of a fruitless quest for relief and cure—were led to experiment along the line of "The First Cause"—the nose and its respiratory functions.

The layman it was who made the first enlightening discovery. Being a singer, he made the discovery *how the nose could be* freed (see free book).

Immediately the method of cure described by the book is applied, there is striking evidence of its curative powers. It is, as one man put it, like coming into the fresh air out of a stiflingly close atmosphere.

Undoubtedly a most powerful factor in the success of the new cure is the fact that it may be employed *during the whole of the night* without discomfort or any inconvenience. This all-night period of treatment contrasts strongly with the mere two or three minutes of treatment with the now obsolete spraying methods.



There is no fuss or bother with the New Cure for Catarrh and Nose-Breathing Difficulties, Weak Chest and Lungs, Asthmatical and Bronchial tendencies. The Cure remains in operation during the whole of the night, and no conscious effort is called for.

The success of the new treatment is immediately obvious to all who try it.

In one night the nose, ears, tongue, and throat give every evidence of the good work of the cure.

In one week the nose and mouth both cease to discharge catarrhal matter. The brain, eyes, and ears feel clear, the mouth and throat clean and sweet, and the taste and smell become as keen as ever.

The book explanatory of the new cure contains some most remarkable illustrations, which help to make strikingly clear the common-sense principle upon which the new cure is founded, and which cure, be it noted, is, by all who have looked into the matter, expected to vastly decrease the number of painful and costly operations hitherto considered to afford the only chance of cure of nasal obstructions and inflamed membrane.

An edition of 100,000 copies of the book has been published for *free distribution*, and all who wish to quickly cure Catarrh, Hay Fever, Nose-Breathing Difficulties, or Catarrhal Deafness, Husky Uncertain Voice, Chest and Lung Weakness, or Asthmatic, Bronchial, or Consumptive Tendencies, should send or call for a copy. A penny stamp should be sent to defray postage. The address from which the free copies of the book may be obtained is—The Publishers, "Respiratory Re-Education," 80, Rhycol Building, 130, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

THE WRISTS OF GLOVES.

A correspondent writes with reference to my note on the advisability of having the sleeves of your shirt altered to suit the length of your arm, since it is very seldom that you are able to get a shirt of which the body fits you as well as the sleeves.

There is a limit, he says, to the length of sleeve which is convenient, and as the bare expanse of wrist looks very untidy, why do not men wear gloves with rather longer wrists, especially when dancing?

I quite agree with my reader that a hiatus showing the bare wrist between the shirt-cuff and the glove is unsightly, but I have usually found it possible to make them meet without having the shirt-sleeve unpleasantly long.

However, there is no reason at all why gloves should not be worn rather longer in the wrist than the normal, and provided with three buttons instead of the usual two.

As for its being effeminate, as my correspondent suggests is possible, to wear longer gloves, I cannot see that the extra inch or so would be sufficient to lead any man to accuse you of effeminacy, and if it improves your appearance, by all means adopt the plan.

It should be possible to get gloves of rather greater length in the wrist than usual without going to the expense of having them made to order.

CARRYING GLOVES.

While on the subject of "handwear"—if the bootmaker can talk about "footwear," why should not the glover deal in "handwear"?—it is worth noting how many men carry a pair of gloves about with them in the summer but never think of putting them on.

The result is that the gloves become screwed up and crumpled, especially in hot weather, and their appearance is completely spoiled.

If you propose to carry gloves at all during the summer, they should be worn and in this way they will at least become soiled evenly all over and will not be creased by being carried loose in the hand.

The object of wearing gloves is not only the improvement of the appearance but the keeping of the hands clean. Moreover, in hot weather if the gloves are of the right material, they will keep the hands cool rather than hot.

Many men make a habit of wearing the left-hand glove and carrying the right, so as to have the right hand free for shaking hands in case they meet a friend.

There is more to be said for this custom, if both gloves are not to be worn, for the right glove does not suffer so much as it would if carried in the hot ungloved hand.

Another disadvantage of carrying both gloves loose in the hand is that you are very liable to drop one of them and not to notice that you have done so. It is extremely irritating to arrive at your destination and find yourself with one glove, which is just about as useless as none at all.

CAPS TO MATCH THE SUIT.

A short time ago I warned my readers against having their caps made for them by a tailor. Many men wish to have their cap made of the same material as their suit, and, therefore, give the order to the tailor who makes the latter.

As I pointed out, however, the average tailor does not profess to be a skilled cap-maker, and the result is usually a very indifferent fit.

A correspondent who has expert knowledge of the trade writes to point out a way out of the difficulty.

It is a far better plan to get a piece of the cloth from the tailor when ordering the suit—a quarter of a yard should be sufficient—and to take this to a good-class hatter.

If he is an enterprising tradesman he will have a cap made up in any style you choose, and the cost, including the lining, should not be more than eighteenpence.

In this way you will get a cap that will fit you and will be of a correct shape instead of one that will be uncomfortable from the first and will be shapeless after a very little exposure to the weather.

To those readers who insist on a cap of the same material as their suit, this tip should be most useful, and I am much obliged to my correspondent for suggesting it.

Personally, however, I am not inclined to favour the cap that matches the suit so closely. It gives a sameness of appearance which is not altogether desirable, quite apart from the trouble involved, and one can get a ready-made cloth cap which will match any suit quite nearly enough.

RIVER DRESS DETAILS.

The notorious uncertainty of English weather is given as the excuse for many and strange dress vagaries. Not a few of these incongruities appear from time to time on the river.

On a sunny but changeable day recently I was astonished to see a smart little skiff, with two men on board, entirely spoiled, so far as appearances were concerned, by the dress of one of the men.

He was in grey flannels and brown shoes, with delightful grey socks. But he wore a waistcoat! Beneath the end of this garment his belt protruded.

Smart as it might be, a waistcoat is entirely out of place in the proper dress of a man on the river. A waistcoat is as wrong as a pair of braces, which, of course, ought never to be worn with river dress.

MEN AND MOURNING.

The express command of King George which has caused the official period of mourning for the late King to be shortened by a month, is by no means the least of those marks of consideration and thought for others that have signalised the beginning of his reign.

It is certainly not only the outfitting and tailoring trades who are affected by the long continuance of general mourning.

Many men can fit themselves out well enough in black or suitable mourning for a short time, but they find some difficulty in doing so for a period of months.

Often it means wearing continually a suit which would otherwise be kept for high days and holidays, and which they can ill afford to hack out by daily use.

For a man does not care to appear in a light flannel suit, even with a black band on the arm, while the nation is still in mou although when the general mourni ceased he may do so from motives of ec or expediency.

Most men, however, will probably n to discard the black tie which is the reco sign of mourning for a man for a w two after the official period of mourni ended.

HANDY TROUSER HAN

For fixing at the back of any hold five pairs of trousers, made steel wire, nickel plated. Any be detached from the rack with turbing the others.

3/4, carriage paid.

UNIVERSAL SUPPLY CO., 26, Marke High Road, Balham, London, S

NO MORE SHINY CLOTH

Probably you discard your half worn suit their shiny appearance becomes noticeable you will be interested in a new and ingenious ap we have introduced for easily and quickly re this objection. It is strongly made, years, and more than saves its cost every ti No chemicals are required.

The price is 1s. 9d., post free.

R. PARKES and CO., 161, Blackburn Road, Ac

"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickes ductory medium for all desiring a matr alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, N 5, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, Londo Telegrams, "Amatorem, London."

A CAPITAL

25/- SPORTING COA

Invaluable for walking, cyc shooting, riding, and all outdoor sports.

This coat is fitted with a reversed box-pleat up the back, to allow freedom of shoulder movement. It is fitted with a belt at back with two buttons, so that it can be tightened at the desire of the wearer.

Large patch pockets. Horn or leather buttons.

Materials:

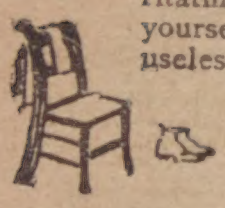
HOMESPUNS, SCOTCH TWEEDS, IRISH TWE

An accurate fit is guaranteed. Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no o

J. & H. ELLIS, The Smart Soft Ta

20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

Every Londoner should make a point of calling



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Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.
In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to nd money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.
& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor and crossed
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

lothe yourself on the Instalment System. Suits cut by experts, prices from 42s., instalments 5s. monthly. Be measured at home. Full particulars, elling how, from the Good Wear Co. (Dept. 35), 6, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton.

onegal tweed suit, excellent cut and condition; chest 37., height 5ft. 10in.; cost £3 10s.; 35s.—Box 3038, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

argains.—Fashionable grey suit, cost 75s., take 40s. Brown tweed suit, new pleated back, with strap; cost 70s., take 35s. Above suits never worn, new last week; fit, 5ft. 5in., 39 chest.—W. Morgan, 18, Pier Street, Aberystwyth.

nts. tan boots, Derby pattern, size 9, once worn, cost 14s. 6d.; accept 9s. 6d.—Box 3037, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

wo suits, second-hand, splendid condition, fit man 5ft. 7in., 36in. chest. Accept 7s. 6d. each, or nearest offer. Bargains.—Box 3039, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

ding breeches, new, cost 70s.; sell 6s.—Box 3023, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

2/9 GENT'S TROUSERS. 2/9

For 2/9 we will send 1 pair gent's tweed trousers direct from factory. What we sell for 2/9 others charge 5/6. All trousers are made of good, strong serviceable tweed cloth, well finished, with 2 side pockets and 1 hip pocket. The patterns are of the latest and in dark neat colours. Send at once for a sample pair and convince yourself of the marvellous value we give. Inside leg measure only required.—The Guildford Clothing Co., 111, Amhurst Road, London, N.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

anted, waders, trout line, something useful; exchange trouser press, new this year, perfect condition, 12s. 6d. net.—Box 3040, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

orizontal bar, complete, steel uprights and stays, very strong, 15s.; bargain; worth 30s.—Box 3041, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

anted, small sound dinghy, must tow well, no rubbish taken.—Box 3042, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

otor boat for sale, 12½ft. by 4ft., 3-h.p. De Dion engine, water-cooled silencer, reversing propeller, pair of sculls, price £18 10s., in good condition.—Write in first case Box 3043, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

anted, complete boxwood croquet set, for 8 players, 8in. heads.—Box 3044, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

anted, 2 light bats, by good maker. State price by letter only Box 3045, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

lid hide cricket bag, new, private size, cost 35s., 25s.; autograph cricket bat, cost 25s., as new, splendid condition, 17s. 6d.; 40s. 2; genuine bargain. —Box 3046, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

anted, tennis net, marker, racquets, &c., good condition essential.—Box 3047, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

ss tennis racquet, perfectly new, 14oz.; 20s., bargain.—Box 3048, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

anted, half-decked centre-board sailing boat, complete with sail; must be in sound condition and cheap.—Box 3051, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DOGS.

anted, a wire haired fox-terrier dog pup, about 6 months old.—Box 3057, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

anted, handsomely marked pedigree fox terrier og, 10 months, good points, cheap.—Box 3058, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

edal dog, 5 months, splendid coat, nice head, mall ears, black back, tan legs; will make a very aluable dog, 42s.—Box 3059, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MOTORS, CYCLES, AND ACCESSORIES

Wanted, ⅝in. belt, lamp, generator, valve spring lifter; cash or exchange.—Box 3052, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Genuine Birmingham Quadrant, 2¼-h.p., thoroughly overhauled, repainted aluminium, new tank and levers, F.N. carburetter, spring forks, spring seat pillar, foot rests, stand, carrier, etc., almost new tyres, new tube, splendid condition; £10 10s.—Box 3053, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, 3½-h.p. motor cycle, must be good condition, spring forks, also sociable side-car; payment by cash and gentleman's 3-speed Raleigh cycle, nearly new.—Box 3054, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SADDLERY.

For sale, complete set light brass brown harness, good condition, never had any repair. Price £2.—Box 3056, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Trade Bad? Let me be your Business Doctor. No matter what your trade may be, I will write up business-compelling advertisements. One of London's most successful copy writers.—Write, "Success," Box 3020, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study and leads to highest speeds; learned in twelve lessons; interesting handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally; treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

30s. to £5 per week for work done at home. We provide materials. Send for particulars to the National Home Employment Association, 41, Albemarle Works, Hounslow.

To Secretaries of Clubs, and others, &c.—Write for particulars of unique agency to Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 20.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Six Rubber shares, Dutch Indies concern, £1 fully paid, 25 per cent. dividend; 40s. each.—Write Box 3060, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£150 wanted, loan, for business; no money-lenders or agents.—Box 3061, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Good selling lines and novelties wanted for mail order and agent's canvassing business.—Box 3022, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Pimples, blackheads, and all skin eruptions, guaranteed cure, recipe 1s. (postal order). Why pay pounds for useless quack remedies when you can have a certain cure and know what you are taking; warranted.—Whyte's Publishing Company, 107, Donegall Street, Belfast.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 3026, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Why suffer from Neuralgia. An invaluable remedy. Recipe for P.O. 6d.—Box 3035, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"Constipation; simple remedy," 1s. 1d.—Box 3036, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FREE. Cigarettes and tobacco.—Send name and address on postcard to Higgs and Co., 155, Duke Street, Liverpool.

5s. SAFETY RAZOR WITH 7 BLADES FOR 1s. 6d. Post free, in beautiful case complete, excellent quality and superior finish.—Cooper and Sons, 184, Upper Thames Street, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Astrology, coming events, marriage, business, speculations, etc. My information will surprise you. Birthtime required. Fee 1s.—Ball, 32, Broadway, Kettering, Est. 30 years.

Gillette safety razor, guinea model, absolutely new, seals unbroken; three only, taken satisfy debt; accept 16s. 6d.—16, Clitheroe Road, Longsight, Manchester.

Look here. "Wrestling," "Handcuff Mystery," "40 Card Tricks," "81 Electrical Tricks," "Book of Magic," "Thought Reading," "67 Amusing Tricks," 3d. each, lot 1s. 2d.—M. Thompson-Hughes, Coventry.

Several hundred assorted pictorial postcards to clear, comics, views, and actresses, &c.; 1s. 6d. per 100, post free.—Box 2143, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Thermos Table Jug, nickel-plated, cost 31s. 6d., accept 21s.; also Thermos Flask, leather covered, with strap, cost 21s., accept 15s. 6d. or nearest offer; both quite new, never been used.—Box 2265, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Handsome Gent's Double Simulation Gold Albert, 1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—N. A. J., 16, Caldecot Road, Denmark Hill, London.

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JUNE 11.

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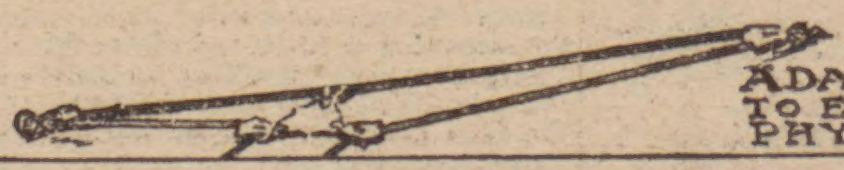

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Please send me "Health & Strength" Exerciser and Developer ..... Strength. I enclose herewith 2/6 (3/-) and agree to pay three further instalment of 2/3 (2/9), one in a month from date, and second in two months, and the last in three months. You agree to send me the Developer at once, post free, and I agree not to sell it until I have completed the payments.

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